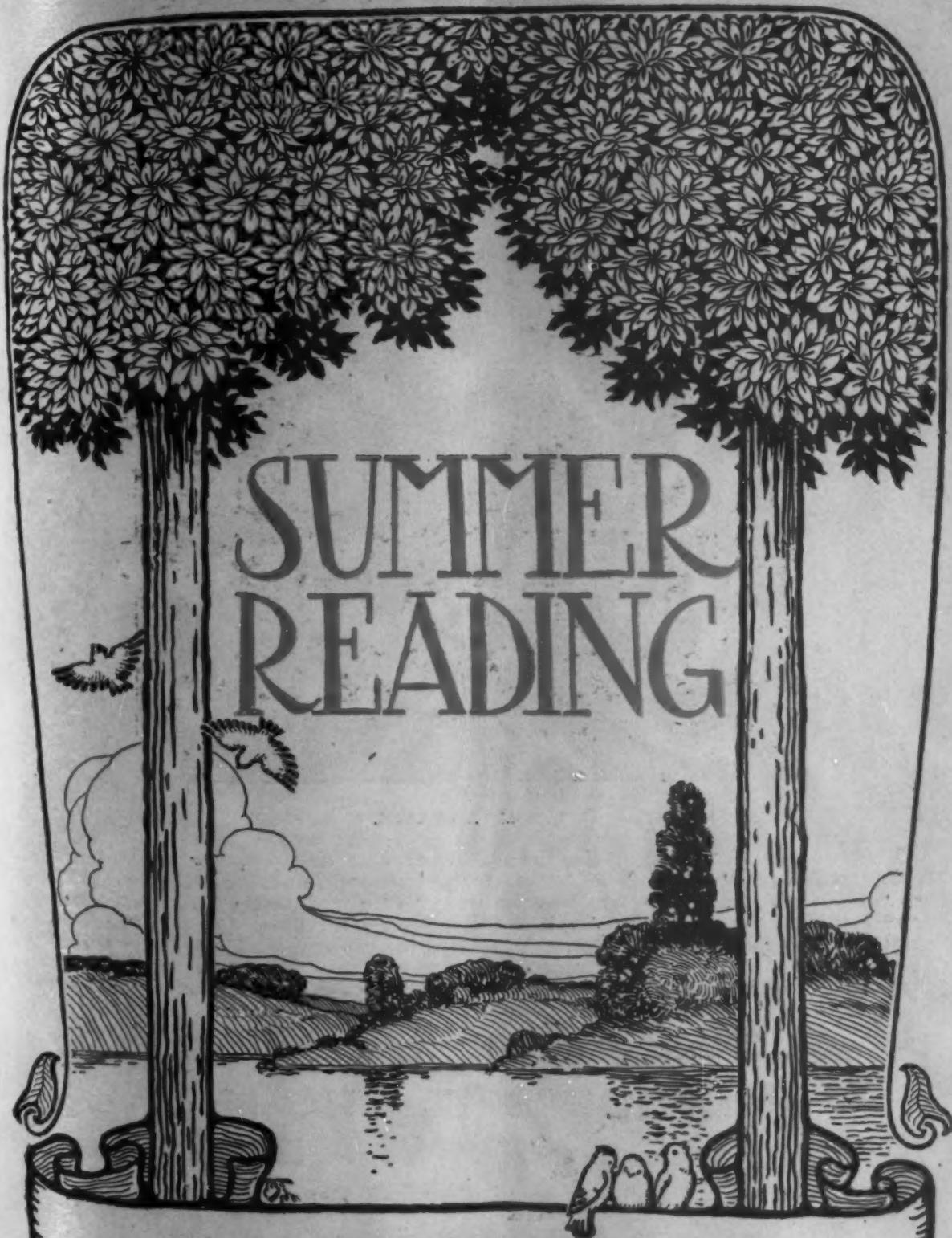


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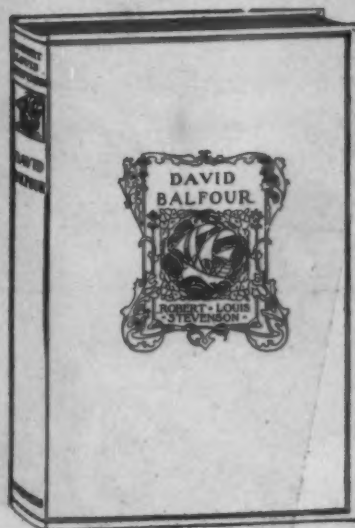
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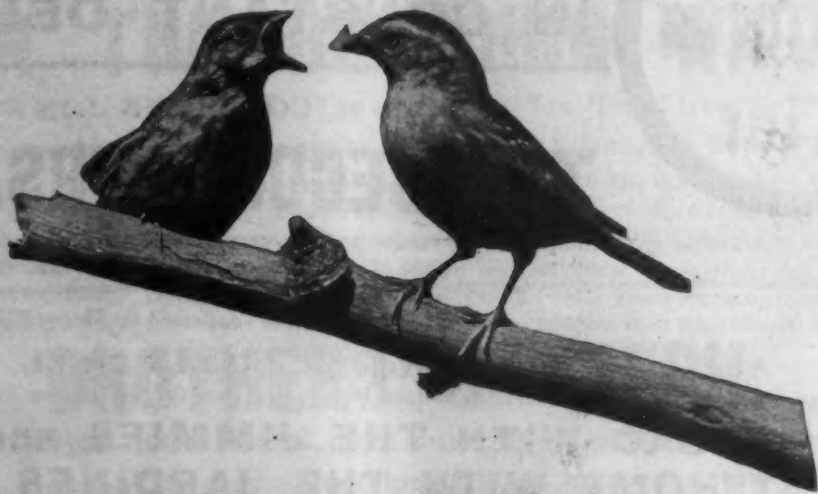
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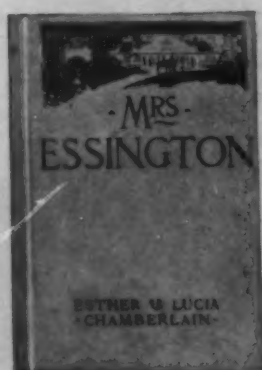
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From "Another Hardy Garden Book."

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AT THE END OF A LAWN.

THE LITERATURE OF HEALTH THROUGH OUT-DOOR LIFE.

THE literature of the out-door life has taken a decidedly utilitarian form this season. The study of nature has resolved itself into hard work, deserting the former *dilettanti* fields of graceful observation and leisurely roaming. Health is still the prime object—but health obtained through strenuous strivings. The majority of the books recently published in the class called "nature books"

are eminently practical, manuals in fact in many lines of gardening and fruit raising and other fascinating methods for making the suburban home more attractive. They appeal strongly to the commuter, with his little bit of ground, that he is anxious to make both profitable and beautiful. Many of them also to a wider public, including the fruit raiser on an extensive scale and the experienced nursery man. They all suggest hours of entertaining variety, pursued in the open, with the promise of a rich return in mental poise and bodily strength to the enervated brain worker. The flight from the city with its nerve racking haste and noise, the return to the simple joys of country life, which the demand for this class of works reflects, are significant features in our new century's history.

The raising of flowers, fruits and vegetables, the routine of ordinary farming even, have become potent factors in educational and reformatory work. The ground set apart by many cities and towns for the delving of the "submerged tenth" has inculcated more lessons in industry and perseverance and the love of the beautiful than tracts and sermons. The little school boy and girl love the small patch of earth, in which they imbibe their nature lessons through actual work, and which



From "Wild Wings." Copyright, 1905, by Herbert K. Job. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CARESSING HER OWLET.



From "The Orchard and Fruit Garden"

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AN OLD APPLE TREE IS VERY HOMEFUL.

the majority of schools aim now to include in the school grounds, more than the most exciting street play. This return to Mother Earth is both civilizing and most interesting.

The books in the lines outlined are not named in the order of their merit, but as they naturally suggest themselves. One could scarcely fail, with so much that is good, to discover something that will just fill his need.

The author of "A Woman's Hardy Garden"—Mrs. Helena Rutherford Ely—sends out a second book in her special field with the title "Another Hardy Garden Book." To those who have revelled in the enthusiasm and information of her first work, this needs no recommendation. It is made up entirely of Mrs. Ely's own experience in raising vegetables, fruits and flowers during a period of many years. It is a brief statement of simple methods in conducting operations particularly in the small home garden. The charm of the book is enhanced by its very attractive pictures made from illustrations taken from photographs of the lovely nooks and corners in the author's garden. If all results in this direction could be as enticing and artistic as these illustrations show, no one would count the cost.

Going over somewhat the same ground is E. P. Powell's "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," the second issue of the promising

Country Home Library, of which Mr. Powell was the author of the first number—"The Country Home." It is in "The Country Home" that Mr. Powell tells his story, that almost thirty years ago he was forced through ill-health to leave the pulpit. He then possessed but nine acres of land and a limited capital. The question how to establish a home and make his land profitable was paramount. That he was successful beyond his brightest hopes and that he continues to prosper the present book relates. Also that he is accepted as an authority on all rural matters. He gives plain and practical directions for raising everything to be found in the orchard or fruit garden, the culture of apples and their handling and marketing being treated with unusual fullness. Edith L. Fullerton's "How to Make a Vegetable Garden" belongs just here, as it is a very useful little book for beginners. It would seem hardly possible to weave poetical ideas into a subject so prosaic, but the writer has succeeded in uniting feeling and suggestiveness with specific detail. "A Gardener's Year" is the story of H. Rider Haggard's planting of an English garden, given in diary form extending over the twelve months of the year. The famous novelist found something that would bloom and blossom in every one of the twelve months. His experience was so personal and so rich in a real love of his work, and likewise so full of

little details of his daily life and profitable advice, that the book cannot but obtain many readers.

The results of a successful farmer's earnest search for the facts and truths of nature which control the growth and development of plants and animals, is embraced in Charles L. Goodrich's "The First Book of Farming." One finds here an introduction to plants and planting based upon the most scientific methods by one who is both a teacher and a farmer. A guide to plants when not in flower by means of fruit and leaf is offered in "How to Know Wild Fruits." The book is unique, its subject having heretofore received but little attention, comparatively. The country resident should recognize it as one of the indispensable volumes for his bookshelf. Maude Gridley Peterson is the author, her text being embellished with eighty illustrations from nature by Mary Elisabeth Herbert. In the well known series of *Handbooks of Practical Gardening* over twenty-five volumes on special subjects connected with gardening have appeared. The latest issue is "The Book of the Lily," by W. Goldring, embracing all that can be told about the cultivation of the lily, and in *Country Handbooks*, an equally popular and much read series, may be found a number of little books, easily carried in the pocket, each a mine of information. The latest to be published are "The Little Farm," "Home Counties" and "The Woman Out of Doors," by Menie Muriel Dowie. To Professor Charles Sprague Sargent we are

indebted for "Manual of the Trees of North America," (exclusive of Mexico,) in which are brief descriptions in simple language of some six hundred and thirty trees, accompanied by a figure of the leaves, fruits and flowers of each tree, with keys leading to a ready determination of the genera and species. The fourth part of Professor Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs" is just published. It is a specially interesting part of a most valuable and comprehensive work. A work that may be especially recommended to New Yorkers is Louis Harman Peet's "Trees and Shrubs of Central Park." The plan on which it has been made is similar to his "Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park," which received cordial recognition. It is a ready way to identify plants and also with its maps to find one's way through the park. Maeterlinck's poetical and exhaustive study under the title of "Life of the Bee" reawakened readers' and students' interest in this almost human little creature, with its whimsical ways, its unwavering industry and other qualities so close to the characteristic we find chiefly in mankind. For the beginners who desire to start an apiary Anna Botsford Comstock has prepared a little book, "How to Keep Bees," as she says, "for happiness and honey and incidentally for money." "Wasps Social and Solitary," the near kin of the bees and equally a subject of special study and investigation, have had a book written about them by George W. and Elizabeth G. Peckham, which was prepared in Wisconsin. John



From "How to Make a Vegetable Garden."

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Burroughs cordially endorses it as "the most charming monograph in any department of our natural history I have read in many a year."

Studies of the birds are not as numerous as in past years. One that carried the writer far afield into the haunts of nature, and reaped a rich return in health and adventure is Herbert K. Job's "Wild Wings," to which President Roosevelt furnishes one of his warmly eulogistic epistles which emphasizes "the good which comes from such books" and "from the substitution of the camera for the gun." Mr. Job went in search of wild birds to photograph in their native haunts all over the United States. He had extraordinary success in getting portraits of species that had never before been photographed. Attention may also be called to the new popular edition of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "History of North American Land Birds," brought out this season with many new illustrations in colors. A second volume in which the camera plays the larger part is J. Maclair Boraston's "Birds by Land and Sea," a remarkable series of photographs which in themselves form a pictorial story of the bird and his habits.

"The Fern Allies," by Willard Nelson Clute, is the latest work of an author whose "Our Ferns in Their Haunts" still remains the standard work on the ferns of North America. "The Fern Allies" deals with the allied forms of plant life not included in the fern families, special attention being paid to the haunts, habits, uses, folk-lore, etc., of each species.

The little ones' pleasure and instruction have not been overlooked by the delightful writers of nature books. "Children's Gardens for School and Home," by Louise Klein Miller, takes up the subject of school gardens as a factor in education and is quite up to date in information and theories. Frances Duncan's "Mary's Garden and How it Grew," affords the small people simple but exact information for growing flowers, plants, etc.,

through a very pretty story. Our dear friend and the children's dear friend, Ernest Thompson Seton, known best to fame as the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," has prepared a lovely volume of new animal stories, which Mrs. Seton has illustrated with special grace and artistic ability. It is sent out in a most attractive scarlet cover as "Woodmyth and Fable," the text being printed in crimson ink. The *Phyllis' Field Friends Series* is surely known to every little school child, as it embraces some of the most attractive nature stories ever written. Lenore E. Mulets has told the stories and Sophie Schneider has illustrated them. Six volumes of the series had been previously issued; a new volume, the work of these two gifted women, is one of the events of this season. Its title is "Stories of Little Fishes." In addition to these and rich in colored illustrations are the tiny volumes of "Nature Stories for Little Folk," entitled "The Crooked Oak Tree" and "Curlyhead and his Neighbors," the authors being E. Carter and E. Field. All lovers of animals, the man as well as the child, have long been seeking for a work on natural history that should not be voluminous or high-priced. This want is at last supplied in Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Natural History," a well-printed, compact octavo, generously illustrated, and offered at a moderate price, claiming and fulfilling all it claims, to give "an outline of the entire animal kingdom, from the largest mammal down to the tiniest insect that has to be studied under a magnifying glass." Everyone who owns a horse or a dog or any other dumb animal should have this work on his book shelves. A book that treats of fishes from all points of view is David Starr Jordan's "Guide to the Study of Fishes." It is not only a valuable work for technical students, but interesting to anglers and nature lovers, and is very handsomely illustrated in colors. The author is President of Leland Stanford Jr. University.



From "Iola."

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From "Mrs. Essington."

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ARE YOU READY?

FICTION FOR SUMMER READING.

IF we accept custom as our arbiter, the novel must be acknowledged as the most popular of summer literary refreshments. Other classes of literature are certainly in demand even in the warm months and both read and studied. But it is the novel that the multitude of summer travellers and vacation pilgrims turn to for agreeable methods of whiling away lagging hours on trains and monotonous days at summer resorts. The harvest just now is abundant and most attractive, and apparently embraces a variety that should leave no taste ungratified. The handbag that starts on its summer ramble without several good readable novels as part of its contents makes a serious mistake.

It is not an easy task to differentiate our notices, so as to make clear the individuality of each novel as it comes before us. With scarcely an exception they are tales of love, in which the "eternal feminine" plays the leading part, sometimes amid light comedy surroundings, again in scenes of the deepest, darkest tragedy. Few are indifferent or worthless—many extremely well written, the majority being American novels depicting life as we see it about us, or idealizing it in poetic fashion that finds ready response in imaginative minds. That "the call of the

wild" has penetrated into the well ordered lives of city dwellers is exemplified in many of the season's novels. Ranching, cultivating the ground under adverse circumstances, novel journeys by sea and land are topics of many, in which bohemian natures are indulged or health and profit made considerations. "The Outlet," by Andy Adams, deals with the finding of a market for Texas cattle in the days after the close of the Civil War. The part the railroads played in solving the problem is vividly brought out. The hero is a fine manly fellow, first introduced in the author's former books, "The Log of the Cowboy" and "A Texas Matchmaker." Colorado gives the setting to "Justin Wingate, Ranchman," which has much to say worth hearing of the agricultural development by irrigation of a western ranch section. The author is John H. Whitson, his text being ably illustrated from drawings by Arthur E. Becher. Again we have the subject of irrigation as a factor in orange growing in California in "The Vision of Elijah Berl," by Frank Lewis Nason. A story of the grain fields of Minnesota, and the business schemes of which they are the feeders, is offered under Alice Winter's "The Prize of the Hardy." Mining speculation in the early seventies in

Nevada and California finds realistic presentation in "The Pioneer," by Geraldine Bonner. "The Sunset Trail," by Alfred H. Lewis, takes one back to the early days of the west, before the buffalo was extinct, along the old cattle trail that stretched from New Mexico to Canada. A tale of the great southwest and ranch life in recent days and of a great "cattle king" is "The Human Touch," by Edith M. Nicholl; while the heart of the Canadian Rocky Mountains is painted with fine skill in Ridgwell Cullum's "The Brooding Wild." Beach's "Pardners" is a collection of western stories sketched from life. All these stories have their vein of romance to set off the practical information that they embrace. A yacht cruise from Maine to Italy by two wild college chums, full of fun and adventure, may be asked for under the title of Oric Bates's "A Madcap Cruise." Good news indeed is the fact that "The Lightning Conductor" has been heard from again. Not only is Mr. and Mrs. William-

son's first book to be had in a new dress charmingly illustrated, but they are joint authors again in a new automobile story entitled "The Princess Passes," which is not solely confined to motoring, but goes quite largely into Alpine climbing. The romance is charming, as is also the heroine, and the story is related with a fine spirit and a clever dialogue. George Horton writes in "The Monks' Treasure" of a trip made to Athens under exceptional circumstances by a young American business man and its romantic dénouement. Marshall Saunders again takes a little hero from the dumb animals in "Princess Sukey," a pet pigeon who is the centre of a charming tale.

England's beautiful Devonshire is the background of Eden Phillpotts's "The Secret Woman," in which a shocking domestic tragedy is portrayed. Although the story is a gloomy one it is strongly written and is redolent of the woods, the author's devotion to nature being evident throughout. Norris's "Barham of Beltana" carries one to Tasmania, and afterward to Gibraltar, under whose blue and sunny skies a double love story is enacted. The scene of E. W. Hornung's "Stingaree" is also Australia, where we are introduced to a gifted and gentlemanly bushranger, near kin to "Raffles," in his distinguished consideration for his victims. "Shining Ferry" stands for an unsensational story of Cornwall, from the pen of A. T. Quiller-Couch. "The Dryad," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is a rare mingling of mediæval romance and Greek mythology, a novel witty in style and original in method.

"Belchamber" introduces an English novelist little known on this side of the ocean—Howard Overing Sturgis. He has made a fine character study of a member of an old English family and his stately old home. The scenes are among the "smart" set, and by no means flattering. "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" has a vein of humor in its telling that makes it most attractive. William John Locke has conceived a quite original situation for the central motive of his novel. A middle-aged, bookish man has thrust upon his



From "Pardners."

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"SHAKIN' TO THE NERVES."

care a young girl of English parentage, brought up in a harem in Aleppo. She is a thorough Orientalist in thought and education and plays havoc in his establishment, where she utterly disregards the conventionalities. The Baroness von Hutten's "Pam" is one of the spring novels every one is reading. The spirited original heroine has won

background of Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Rose of the World." Here the plot is an unusual one and worked out with unusual care and cleverness and would only be spoiled in the telling. Of course every one wants to read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," that is, if any are left who have not enjoyed that pleasure. It stands as



From "The Orchid."

Copyright, 1905 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SMILE OF INCREDULITY CURVED HER LIPS.

all hearts. "Lady Noggs, Peeress," by Edgar Jepson, is the name of another charming English girl the central figure of a readable novel. "Miss Badsworth, M. F. H.," by Eyre Hussey, turns upon a humorously made will, and "An Act in a Backwater," by E. F. Benson, has its scene in an English cathedral town, and is characterized by the wit and charm we learned to admire in the author of "Dodo." Northern India and England are in turn the

one of her finest conceptions, and is based as was "Lady Rose's Daughter" upon an episode in English social life. Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" is one of the stories considerably talked about. It is translated from the German and brought the writer fame in his own country. It is a simple tale strongly in touch with nature.

The Reconstruction period just after our Civil War was studied by several authors.



Reduced from "Hester of the Grants,"
by Fox, Duffield & Co. Copyright, 1905,

THE GRANTS WILL NOT SURRENDER.

A tragedy growing out of political differences, followed by a fierce revenge is, strange to say, the motive of two separate novels. While essentially different in treatment they are both notable works. Dr. Mitchell's "Constance Trescot" has a Northern man for hero; in "The Ravanel," by Harris Dickson, there is a Southern hero—both are murdered and both have their avengers. Race prejudice in the South also prompted the writing of "The Master-Word," by L. H. Hammond, and Dixon's "Clansman" paints from life the crucial period of the South's history. The South in 1739, as far down as Savannah, or rather off the coast of Savannah, prompted another novel, "Return," by Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke, rich in exciting episodes, which depict both love and history, and has for one of its characters the famous English philanthropist, General Oglethorpe. "Serena," by Mrs. V. F. Boyle, is a capital story of Mississippi before and after the war.

A volume as beautiful in binding and pictures as in text is "For the White Christ," by Robert Ames Bennet, a glowing description of eighth century life at the court of Charlemagne. Baranof, the first governor of Russian America, in the eighteenth century, dominates Warren Cheney's "The Way of the North," a strong, romantic story of early settlement life, "The Apple of Eden," by E.

Temple Thurston, takes up the subject of celibacy in the priesthood, treating it with fairness and truthfulness. Mr. Thurston is the husband of the author of "The Masquerader." Full of wit and humor is C. D. Stewart's "The Fugitive Blacksmith." The author of "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus," M. E. Waller, has chosen the Island of Nantucket as the scene of her new novel, "Sanna," and Robert Grant in "The Orchid" offers a very uncomplimentary picture in his heroine of one of our "smart set." Then there is Sir Conan Doyle's "The Return of Sherlock Holmes;" Carey's "The Van Suyden Sapphires," Lilly Dougall's "The Summit House Mystery," three excellent detective stories; "The Hundredth Acre," by John Camden, and "The Golden Flood," a mystery story, by Edwin Lefevre. Speaking of detective stories, we must not forget the new illustrated edition of Mrs. Rohlf's (Anna Katharine Green's) "Leavenworth Case"—a remarkable example of "the survival of the fittest"—it being, even after these many years of existence, still largely in demand. A pretty collection of little volumes called *The pocket books*, represents both detective stories and romance and adventure, being most readable and adapted in size for the pocket. Already published are "The Amethyst Box" and "The House in the Mist," by Anna Katharine Green; "The Princess Elopes," a "Prisoner of Zenda" story, by Harold MacGrath, and "Enchantment," by the same writer, and "The Motormaniacs," by Lloyd Osbourne.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" and its companion volume, "Rupert of Hentzau"—two of Anthony Hope's most popular novels—are also among the revivals of "other days." They are in the market in new illustrated editions at popular prices, with designs by C. D. Gibson, and stand for many happy moments "the world forgetting," to readers of their romantic narratives. Nelson's *New Century Library*, unique in size and appearance, embracing only books of permanent value, whose interest time cannot dull, has had two important additions made to it in "Don Quixote" and Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights"—volumes for the library shelf that all students of literature should read. The dainty Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and other standards belonging to the *Century Library*, appear this season in a new size, two volumes having been thrown into one, and selling at the price formerly asked for one volume alone.

The list of good novels is so long our space scarcely permits of our even mentioning all

of them. But we should not like to omit Joseph C. Lincoln's "Partners of the Tide," quite as rich in wholesome fun and quaint humor as the author's "Cap'n Eri" of last year; or Charles King's "The Medal of Honor" (no one wants to miss one of Captain King's army novels); or "The Two Captains," a brilliantly written story of Napoleon and Nelson by Cyrus Townsend Brady; or "Billy Duane," a witty, intense society and political novel of New York City by Frances Aymar Mathews, betraying a knowledge and love of music that is very delightful; or "The Letters of Theodora," by Adelaide Louise Rouse; or "Amanda of the Mill," by Marie Van Vorst, a study of life among the poor whites of the South, thrilling with passion and romance; "The Wanderers," by Henry C. Rowland; "The digressions of Polly," by Helen Rowland; "The Harvest of the Sea," by Wilfrid T. Grenfell; "The Marquise's Millions," by Frances Aymar Mathews; "My Lady Clancarty," by Mary Imlay Taylor; and "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn. Robert W.

Chambers's "Iole," just out, should not be omitted from this very readable list. Two volumes of short stories of more than passing merit are Francis Hopkinson Smith's "At Close Range," and C. Goodloe's "At the Foot of the Rockies." The first is an optimistic estimate of human nature—the author believing few men or women are entirely devoid of good points when seen "at close range." "At the Foot of the Rockies" studies life in a part of Canada little known, and stages characters almost entirely new to fiction.

We do not confine our readers to fiction or "nature books" in the summer holidays, so have prepared lists under "Books for Summer Reading" of not only "The New Novels and Short Stories" and "Books of Outdoor Life," but of "Description and Travel," "Outdoor Sports and Exercises," on "Home Games," with many "Miscellaneous Books," which represent the best books of all classes recently published, not gathered under other headings. Prices and publishers are features of all these lists. The advertising pages should also be carefully scanned.



From "The Master Mimmers."

Copyright, 1904, by Little, Brown & Co.

WE SAW HER DIRECTLY FROM THE WINDOW.

The Patron, the Dean and the Heroine.

From Anna Robeson Brown's "The Wine-Press."
(Appleton.)

THE rooms were emptying fast. One person only sat by Miss Lispenard now and held her hand affectionately. This was a middle-aged woman, with a shrinking manner, a dress timidly plain, and a face oddly unmodern and un-American—Miss Mary Ellicott, in short.

"You came so late, dear child," the Dean protested softly; "there were several people I wanted you to meet."

"But I don't like to meet people, you know," Miss Ellicott apologized; "if they're clever they frighten me, all except you."

"Indeed, you make one almost angry, Mary, with all your 'intelligences of the head and heart,' to speak so foolishly!"

"Ah, it is true, indeed; but tell me all about things," the younger woman asked. "We have not had a talk this term. Are you satisfied with the work; do you need anything?"

"Child, you are an incorrigible giver," said the Dean, stroking the hand that lay in her own.

"If you do not tell me, dear lady, why, I shall ask the others," said Miss Ellicott. "Ellicott is my child, you know, and I'm proud of her. And speaking of children, how does Madame Swetchine's girl get on?" The Dean's face grew misty.

"Guida is not a remarkable student," she observed, and Miss Ellicott smiled.

"I read a history between the lines," she commented. "Are you, by any chance, harboring a revolutionary?"

"Oh, no," replied Miss Lispenard tolerantly. "Guida does not study so ill, but she has not the spirit of Ellicott. Her type does not please me; and even Vanna, who has become attached to her in rather an exaggerated way—even Vanna seems to think it unlikely that she will do us any great credit."

"The Galeotti child, you mean. I had forgotten her; is she here?"

"She is one of my young aides to-day," observed the Dean, "and is sitting over there."

"She always had an extraordinary head," Miss Ellicott remarked, with a restrained impetuosity about it that suggests power.

Miss Lispenard raised her eyes in mild surprise. "Giovanna is anything but impetuous. Indeed, she hardly comes out as I should like to have her."

"Ellicott tends to retard some developments, you know; she may be at the purely receptive stage just now," said Mary Ellicott with the insight of imagination. "Wait and see. I must go."

"Let me call someone to put you in the carriage," said Miss Lispenard, but her guest smiled guiltily. "I—I walked, dear," she meekly explained; "you know the horses hate the snow so, and it frets me to see them stand in it."

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" sighed the Dean, as she walked with her toward the door.

The thought of this over-conscientiousness remained with her. She stood dreamily, until she felt a touch on her arm.

"Dear lady," said Vanna, caressing her,

"your eyes are far away. Were you thinking about Miss Ellicott?"

"Yes," said Miss Lispenard. "Her existence is a daily abnegation. You could have no better example, my dear."

"I suppose so."

"It is not a question of supposition. Where does Mary Ellicott's life seem to you faulty?"

"Her generosity is so general," the girl answered. "Don't you think it finer to spend oneself on one or two people than on just people in the mass? Of course, we all love Miss Ellicott; but *indeed*, I shouldn't want to be like her. I like individuals much better than humanity; do you mind? I'd do anything for a friend."

"That's what I am afraid of, Vanna."

An Effective Wedding Rehearsal.

From Helen Rowland's "The Digressions of Polly."
(Baker & Taylor.)

"BUT a girl can be married only once—or twice," pleaded Polly, "and she always feels as though it ought to be done gracefully and effectively—not as though she were going shopping or making tea or playing a game of golf. She wants something to remember, something that never can be forgotten—"

"And a man," said I, "always feels that his marriage to the woman he loves is too sacred a thing to be held up to gaze of a gaping crowd."

"And I suppose he feels badly, too," said Polly, "that for once he doesn't count, and the girl has the centre of the stage, and he is only a figure-head, or an understudy, or a bit of the background."

"He does," I acknowledged, blandly. "A man's idea of a wedding is to have it all to himself. He can never understand why a woman should wish to share the most sacred moment of her life with every curious friend or acquaintance she may possess. That's the way a man likes to go through with the climax of his life. Instead of that, he's got to make a show of himself in a swallowtail coat—why, Polly, little girl, what is the matter?"

Two big tears were slowly trickling down Polly's cheeks, and her little hands were fluttering nervously over the wedding-gown box.

"Oh, dear," she half sobbed, "it was all going to be so beautiful!" and she put her head down on the piano-keys and sobbed. "Y-you make it seem just like saying your prayers in the drawing-room," she continued in a muffled tone.

"That's what it is," I declared, firmly.

"And everyb-body was coming to rehearse this evening!"

I jumped. "What!"

"People always rehearse for a wedding," she declared, drying her tears.

"If you'd told me that," I began, angrily, "I never should have—"

"If you please, Miss Lee," said the maid, coming in at the library door, "the Rev. Mr. Humphries is in the drawing-room, and he says would you mind going through the service once before the bridesmaids and the best man arrive?"

"You can't back out now," whispered Polly, nervously.

"Tell the Rev. Mr. Humphries—" I began.

"I'd never forgive you!" threatened Polly.

"That the game is up!" I finished.

"The Rev. Mr. Humphries!" announced

"But you don't understand, Miss Lee. If I should go on, if I should pronounce the blessing, you would—er—be married before the wedding!"

"Go on," commanded Polly, "and marry us! There isn't going to be any wedding!"



From "The Sunset Trail."

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

TOLD HIM TO VAMOOS.

Polly as we entered the drawing-room.

"That will do, young people," said the Rev. Mr. Humphries ten minutes later, as he closed his book. "We only wanted to be sure it would run smoothly."

"Go on," said Polly, continuing to kneel in front of the improvised altar.

"This is only the rehearsal," objected the minister in mild surprise.

"Go on!" repeated Polly, in a trembling voice, pulling me down beside her.

Meeting the State Boss.

From Phillips's "The Plum Tree." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"WELL, young fellow, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Fessenden told me you wanted to see me," said I.

"He didn't say nothing of the sort," growled Dominick.

I flushed and glanced at the distinguished company silently waiting to return to the

royal presence. Surely, if these eminent fellow citizens of mine endured this insulting monarch, I could,—I, the youthful, the obscure, the despondent. Said I: "Perhaps I did not express myself quite accurately. Fessenden told me you were considering making me your candidate for county prosecutor, and suggested that I call and see you."

Dominick gave a gleam and a grunt like a hog that has been flattered with a rough scratching of its hide. But he answered: "I don't give no nominations. That's the province of the party, young man."

"Well, I guess I've got a little something to say about the party," he conceded. "Us young fellows that are active in politics like to see young fellows pushed to the front. A good many of the boys ain't stuck on Ben Cass,—he's too stuck on himself. He's getting out of touch with the common people, and is boot-licking in with the swells up town. So, when I heard you wanted the

nomination for prosecutor, I told Buck to trot you round and let us look you over. Good party man?"

"Yes—and my father and grandfather before me."

"No reform germs in your system?"

I laughed—I was really amused, such a relief was it to see a gleam of pleasantry in that menacing mass. "I'm no better than my party," said I, "and I don't desert it just because it doesn't happen to do everything according to my notions."

"That's right," approved Dominick, falling naturally into the rôle of political schoolmaster. "There ain't no government without responsibility, and there ain't no responsibility without organization, and there ain't no organization without men willing to sink their differences." He paused.

I was most grateful to him for this chance to think him an intellect. Who likes to admit that he bows before a mere brute?



From "The Plum Tree."

Copyright, 1905, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

HE SHIFTED HIS CIGAR TO SAY: "WELL, YOUNG FELLOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Iole is Wooed.

From Robert Chambers' "Iole."
(Appleton.)

"SHALL we play tennis?" Iole asked.

"Certainly," said Wayne, startled.

"Come, then," she said, picking up her basket in one hand and extending the other to Wayne.

He took the fresh, cool fingers, and turned scarlet. Once his glance sneaked toward Briggs, but that young man was absorbed in fishing for brook trout with a net! Oh, ye little fishes! with a net!

Wayne's brain seemed to be swarming with glittering pink-winged thoughts all singing. He walked on air, holding tightly to the hand of his goddess, seeing nothing but a blur of green and sunshine. Then a clean-cut idea stabbed him like a stiletto: was this Vanessa or Iole? And, to his own astonishment, he asked her quite naturally.

"Iole," she said, laughing. "Why?"

"Thank goodness," he said irrationally.

"But why?" she persisted curiously.

"Briggs—Briggs—" he stammered, and got no further. Perplexed, his goddess walked on, thoughtful, pure-lidded eyes searching some reasonable interpretation for the phrase, "Briggs—Briggs."

"I do hope you play well," she said. Her hope was comparatively vain; she batted Wayne around the court, drove him wildly from corner to corner, stampeded him with volleys, lured him with lobs, and finally left him reeling dizzily about, while she came around from behind the net, saying, "It's all because you have no tennis shoes. Come; we'll rest under the trees and console ourselves with chess."

Under a group of huge silver beeches a stone chess-table was set embedded in the moss; and Iole indolently stretched herself out on one side, chin on hands, while Wayne sorted weather-beaten basalt and marble chessmen which lay in a pile under the tree.

She chatted on without the faintest trace of self-consciousness the while he arranged the pieces; then she began to move. He took a long time between each move; but no sooner did he move than, still talking, she extended her hand and shoved her piece into place without a fraction of a second's hesitation.

When she had mated him twice, and he was still gazing blankly at the mess into which she had driven his forces, she sat up



From "Iole."

Copyright, 1905, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co.)

HIS SIX TALL AND BLOOMING DAUGHTERS BEHIND HIM.

sideways, gathering her slim ankles into one hand, and cast about her for something to do, eyes wandering over the sunny meadow.

"We had horses," she mused; "we rode like demons, bareback, until trouble came."

"Trouble?"

"Oh, not trouble—poverty. So our horses had to go. What shall we do—you and I?" There was something so subtly sweet, so exquisitely innocent in the coupling of the pronouns that a thrill passed completely through Wayne, and probably came out on the other side.

"I know what I'm going to do," he said, drawing a note-book and a pencil from his pocket and beginning to write, holding it so she could see.

"Do you want me to look over your shoulder?" she asked.

"Please."

She did; and it affected his penmanship so that the writing grew wabbly. Still she could read:

(Telegram)

TO SAILING MASTER, YACHT THENDARA, BAR HARBOR:

Put boat out of commission. I may be away all summer. WAYNE.

Honesty Puts Us Out of a Job.

From Lincoln's "Partners of the Tide." (Barnes.)

"WRECK a vessel for her insurance!" groaned Bradley. "I didn't think you'd do it, Cap'n Ez. I didn't think you'd do it!"

The dismay, the grieved disappointment and horror in his friend's tone, seemed to hurt Captain Titcomb sorely. He glanced at Bradley, and then looked away again.

"I've heard all sorts of yarns about you in Orham," went on Bradley. "They say you're too smart and that you'll bear watching and all that. I've called those that said it liars, and I've stood by you through thick and thin. But now——"

The Captain broke in testily. "Never mind all that," he said. "S'pose the old *Doane* was booked for thunderation by the shoal route—what of it? Mind, I only say *s'pose*. Better to go that way on a smooth night, with all hands saved, than to bust up in a squall and drown us all, as was likely to happen any minute. Nobody loses but the insurance folks, and they'd lose quick enough, anyhow. Why, it's done a hundred times a year all along this coast. S'pose—mind, I'm only s'posin'—that you'd got orders from your owners—*orders*, you understand—to do something you didn't like? S'pose you'd always stuck to owners' orders a good deal closer'n you had to the Bible? You talk a lot—so do other folks—but what would *you* have done?"

"I'd have been honest, and said 'No.'"

"Humph! Well' I guess *you* would. You're the nearest thing to an honest man that I've run across yit. Honesty is the best policy, they say. But was it honesty that made ha'f the millionaires? Are Williams Brothers rich because they've always been honest? Josh Bangs is in the poorhouse, and he's the most honest critter in Orham, while his brother Sol——"

"Cap'n Ez," interrupted Bradley, "stop talkin' that way. You don't believe a word of it. The trouble with you is that everlasting 'owners' orders.' I almost think that that accident last night was, as Miss Tempy would say, 'sent' to keep you from doing something you'd be sorry for all the rest of your days."

The Captain looked at the speaker oddly. "Then you cal'late," he said, "that I ought to thank God A'mighty and a tipsy fo-mast hand for savin' what the book folks would call my honor? That's all right; only wait till Williams Brothers send me *their* thanks on a clean plate, with gilt doodads 'round the edges. Well, Brad, I s'pose you'll be packin' up to-night, anyway. An honest man 'cordin' to your log, ain't needed on the *Thomas Doane*. I told you you ought to ship 'board the *Arrow*."

"I didn't ship on the *Arrow* because I'd rather be with you than anybody else on the earth. I wouldn't sail with a rascal that would wreck a schooner, and I don't believe—I *know* you're not really a rascal. Oh, can't you *see*? It isn't myself I'm thinking about—it's *you—you!*"

"Much obliged, Brad. But what do you s'pose Williams Brothers will want me to do when they give me orders for this liner's next trip?"

"I don't know."

"S'pose those orders are the same as the last; what then?"

"Then say 'No,' like an honest man."

Captain Ezra gave a short laugh. "Honesty, my son, is like di'monds, sometimes—it's pretty, but it comes high. You turn in. I'm goin' to set up a while and smoke."

Next morning the skipper received a telegram.

"Williams Brothers, havin' heard from friend Burke, want to have a little chat with the commander of the clipper *Thomas Doane*," he remarked to Bradley. "I'm goin' to New York to-night on the Fall River Line."

The Captain's stay was a short one. He was back on board early the second morning, and called the second mate into the cabin.

"Well, Brad," he said, "I got my orders."

"Yes, sir," anxiously. "What were they?"

"Bout the same as the last."

"And—and—what did you say?"

Captain Titcomb leaned over and deliberately knocked his cigar ash into the centre of a carpet flower. Then he looked up quickly and answered, with a quizzical smile:

"If you want to know, I told Williams Brothers to go to hell, and, honesty bein' the best policy, you and me's out of a job!"

Education by Up-to-Date Magazines.

From Bernard Shaw's "The Irrational Knot."
(Copyright, 1905, by Brentano's.)

"It is really a tax on me, this first day at the Academy," said Mrs. Fairfax, when they were at luncheon. "But, of course, I am expected to be there."

"If I were in your place," said Elinor, "I——"

"Last night," continued Mrs. Fairfax, deliberately ignoring her, "I was not in bed until half-past two o'clock. On the night before, I was up until five. On Tuesday I did not go to bed at all."

"Why do you do such things?" said Marian.

"My dear, I *must*. John Metcalf, the publisher, came to me on Tuesday at three o'clock, and said he should have an article on the mango experiments at Kew ready for the printer before ten next morning. For his paper, the *Fortnightly Naturalist*, you know. 'My dear John Metcalf,' I said, 'I don't know what a mango is.' 'No more do I, Mrs. Leith Fairfax,' said he, 'I think it's something that blooms only once in a hundred years. No matter what it is, you must let me have the article. Nobody else can do it.' I told him it was impossible. My London letter for the *Hari Kari* was not even begun, and the last post to catch the mail to Japan was at a quarter-past six in the morning. I had an article to write for your father, too. And, as the sun had been shining all day, I was almost distracted with hay fever. 'If you were to go down on your knees,' I said, 'I could not find time to read up the *flora* of the West Indies and finish an article before morning.' He went down on his knees. 'Now Mrs. Leith Fairfax,' said he, 'I am going to stay here until you promise.' What

could I do but promise and get rid of him? I did it, too; how, I don't know; but I did it. John Metcalf told me yesterday that Sir James Hooker, the president of the Society for Naturalizing the Bread Fruit Tree in Britain, and the greatest living authority on the subject, has got the credit of having written my article."

"How flattered he must feel!" said Elinor. "What article had you to write for papa?" said Marian.

"On the electro-motor—the Conolly electro-motor. I went down to the city on Wednesday, and saw it working. It is most wonderful, and very interesting. Mr. Conolly explained it to me himself. I was able to follow every step that his mind has made in inventing it. I remember him as a common workman. He fitted the electric bell in my study four years ago with his own hands. You may remember that we met him at a concert once. He is a thorough man of business. The company is making upward of fifty pounds an hour by the motor at present, and they expect their receipts to be a thousand a

day next year. My article will be in the *Dynamic Statistician* next week. . . . It is time to start for the Academy."

And yet Dudes Sneer at "Hayseeds"

From Dixon's "The Life Worth Living." (Doubleday, Page.)

I'm now spending cheerfully \$500 on fences. I've determined to raise cattle. Will the fever strike them, I wonder? Who knows?

The experience of these three years, in which my total farm losses have reached about \$7000, has given me a feeling of tenderness and sympathy for the farmer I never had before. Who can measure the sum of his anguish through the years as he watches the fleeting clouds in the brazen heat of summer and sees no sign of rain, knowing that every moment of that heat is burning to ashes the hopes he has cherished for his loved ones?

With me farming is a dissipation. I am willing to spend my hard-earned money in this game with Fate. It is gambling. The



From "The Life Worth Living." Copyright, 1905, by Thomas Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"I BELIEVE IN THE GUN FOR A NORMAL BOY."

cruelty and sheer brutality of Nature fascinate me—she who has no ear to hear, no heart to pity, no arm to save the weak, knows no conventions of morals or qualms of conscience, breeds and kills by the million while her eternal life rolls on forever.

But when I look on a little check sent in for a year's struggle, not large enough to pay for the labor expended, when I look on a dead field parching in the August sun, gaze on the ruins of a storm-wrecked barn, see men dumping ton on ton of spoiled hay, or gaze on the carcass of a horse as they drag him away for burial, and think of what this means to a man whose bread depends on it, the pity and the pathos of it all overwhelms me. Back of the serene beauty of Nature I see her tragic cruelty. Man must obey her laws or die. Alas, how few of us know her laws!

Yet there is something supremely fascinating in this fight with sun and storm, earth and air, their mysterious moods and myriads of swarming lives. Man has not been baptized into the life of our planet until he has felt the challenge and tested the sinews of his soul in this combat.

There is something still more stirring, too, in the great human struggle pending between the American farmer, the most intelligent, aggressive and powerful Producer in the world, and the forces of Distribution. At present the distributor gets it all in the long run.

It requires more brain and moral fibre, muscle and soul patience, to successfully run a large farm to-day than to conduct any other enterprise of modern civilization.

And town-bred dudes have been known to sneer at "hayseeds."

Landeck, the Home of Canaries.

From McCrackan's "The Fair Land Tyrol." (Page.)

In the valley of the young Rhine, meadows and fields of American corn alternate with swamps and beds of gravel. There are monstrous mountains to right and left; they culminate in torn teeth, and their walls are blank and staring.

As far as Feldkirch, the train travels, generally speaking, within sight of the Rhine, which forms the boundary between Switzerland and Austria. There, however, it turns eastward to climb over the Arlberg to Innsbruck. It mounts by successive curves and tunnels over embankments and bridges to the Arlberg Tunnel. Thence it descends with equal care on the other side to Landeck.

At Landeck, that "Corner-of-Land," we meet another much frequented approach from Switzerland: the Finstermünz carriage-road from the valley of the Engadine.

Hence it happens that Landeck is often the first place of any size which the tourist sees in the Tyrol. Strictly speaking, it is a village, but so large a one that it looks more like a town. The old fortress has lost much of its value since the alliance between Austria and Germany, so that nowadays Landeck is prized more as a railroad station than as a strategic point. The big church is decorated in a modern way with glass windows from Innsbruck and Munich, and on the open valley floor fertile crops wave in the Alpine air.

The Finstermünz is the tailing off of the Engadine. It is a cañon-like gorge, at the base of which the Inn flows turbulently, and seeks an outlet from Swiss upon Austrian soil. The road runs along the face of the bare wall with an air of great skill and not a little



From "The Fair Land Tyrol."

Copyright, 1905, by L. C. Page & Co.

LANDECK.

bravado. Altogether, it affords one of the choicest sights in the Alps and is characterized by a keen and grim daring which is heightened by the fortifications that are still maintained.

After Landeck, Imst deserves mention on account of an industry which flourished there

A Beautiful Bond-Girl.

From Horton's "The Monks' Treasure." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

WALTER learned quickly that this modern Nausicaa was no other than Polyxene, and that she spoke English perfectly. It made his blood boil, and he could not at that moment



From "The Monks' Treasure."

Copyright, 1903, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"GIVE ME THE JUG."

during the eighteenth century. It was the centre of a great trade in canaries. Dealers in these birds found their way from Imst as far as Constantinople. There was even a regular depot for them in Moorefield Square, in London. Spindler's romance of the "Vogelhändler" is said to give a good picture of this trade in its heyday.

Red squirrels, with sharp-pointed ears, dart and dangle among the trees, or stop to scold from their points of vantage. Ever and anon also in these lower woods of the Alps the cuckoo calls rhythmically and systematically from its hiding-places, and gives a characteristic note ever after to be associated with the forest landscape.

have told why, to hear commonplace little Mrs. Ion ordering this superb creature about in decisive, though not unkind, tones. Mrs. Ion was an aggressive, bustling Yankee housekeeper, who ruled everybody within reach, her husband included, and ordered people to do things, even while they were being done.

Walter was now seized with a desire to make the girl's acquaintance and to talk with her.

Walter's opportunity came an hour later. At some distance back of the house, perhaps two hundred yards, was a tiny spring, and from this the family obtained their water for drinking and cooking purposes. Seeing



From "The Tyranny of the Dark."

Copy right, 1905, by Harper & Brothers.

VIOLA CAME TO BEWITCH HIM FROM HIS READING.

Polyxene take up a large earthen amphora of antique shape and go out of the rear garden-gate, he left the house, walked round it and strolled slowly down toward the spring. He found the girl sitting on a rock under the shade of a cypress tree; she was leaning forward slightly, holding the jug so that the tenuous stream could trickle into its mouth. She looked up at him inquiringly and he perceived that her eyes, as she sat there in the shade, were a dark blue, like the blue of the deep sea when the sun is under a cloud. A moment later, when she stepped out into the splendor of the Greek day, he thought they were a light blue, still deep, as of the sea when the sun is shining. She was not embarrassed at his approach, and her pose, even as she held the water-jug and raised her eyes to his, was as graceful and classic as though it had been carved out of Pentelic marble by some pupil of Phidias.

"I am Mr. Lythgoe," he explained, lifting his hat; "I am living in your house for a few days. And you are Miss Polyxene, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, Polyxene Abattis."

"Yes; I heard Mrs. Ion speak your name, so I knew who you were. Had I suspected it when I saw you down there on the seashore, I should have stopped and talked with you. But who would ever have dreamed that among a group of girls wa-washing clothes

on the shore of a Greek island, one should be able to speak English!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Ion brought me up from quite a small child," she explained, "and they don't talk anything else in the house."

As they were talking now, the jug filled and the limpid water burst gurgling over the sides. Polyxene arose, and breaking off a wisp of some fragrant weed, crushed it into an improvised cork and thrust it into the amphora's mouth. Then she seized the two handles, and ere Walter had realized what she was about to do, she threw the heavy amphora to her right shoulder. There was extraordinary grace in the act, with its supple play of young, perfect muscles, its unconscious ease, its lithe bending and straightening of the Hebe-like form. Holding the amphora with her right hand, she set her left upon her hip and said, with a smile, "Good-by, I must be going now. Mrs. Ion needs the water for lunch."

"But," cried Walter, "you're not going to carry that great jug to the house, are you? Let me take it—I insist!" But the girl resisted with considerable spirit.

"I carry it a dozen times a day," she said. "It's nothing; I'm used to it."

"But while I am here, I will carry it for you. I'm an American, and Americans don't allow their women to do such work as this."

"Let go," she insisted, blushing prettily. "I am Mrs. Ion's servant and it would set the whole town to talking if you were seen carrying my water-jug for me."

Clarke's Share in the Hocus Pocus.

From Hamlin Garland's "Tyranny of the Dark."
(Harper.)

SERVISS had listened to Britt with growing pain and indignation—pain at thought of Viola's undoing, indignation that the mother and her physician could so complacently join in the dark proceedings. "Of course, you took hold of the case."

"I tried to, but Mrs. Lambert and Clarke would not admit that the girl was in need of my care. They invited me to join the circle as a spectator, which I did. I am still the onlooker—merely."

"You don't mean to say they are still experimenting with her?"

"You may call it that. They sit regularly two or three nights each week. Clarke is preparing to renounce his pulpit and startle the world by a book on 'spiritism,' as he

calls his faith. The girl is his source of thunder."

Serviss sank back into his chair and darkly pondered. "That explains a number of very strange words and actions on the girl's part. What is her attitude? She seemed to me extremely discontented and unhappy."

"She is unhappy. She understands her situation and has moments of rebellion. She knows that she is cut off from her rightful share in the world of young people, and feels accursed."

"I can understand that, and several things she said to me corroborate your analysis of her feeling. But tell me—you have attended these sittings—what takes place—what does the girl profess to do?"

"I don't know. I can't determine Clarke's share in the hocus-pocus. It all takes place in the dark."

"It always does. It belongs there."

"Many of the good old 'stunts' of the professional medium are reproduced. Lights dance about, guitars are played, chairs nose about your knees, hands are laid on your cheek, and so on."

"You don't think she is wilfully tricking?" Serviss asked this with manifest anxiety.

"There's every inducement—darkness, deeply anxious friends. It would not be strange if she did 'help on' now and then."

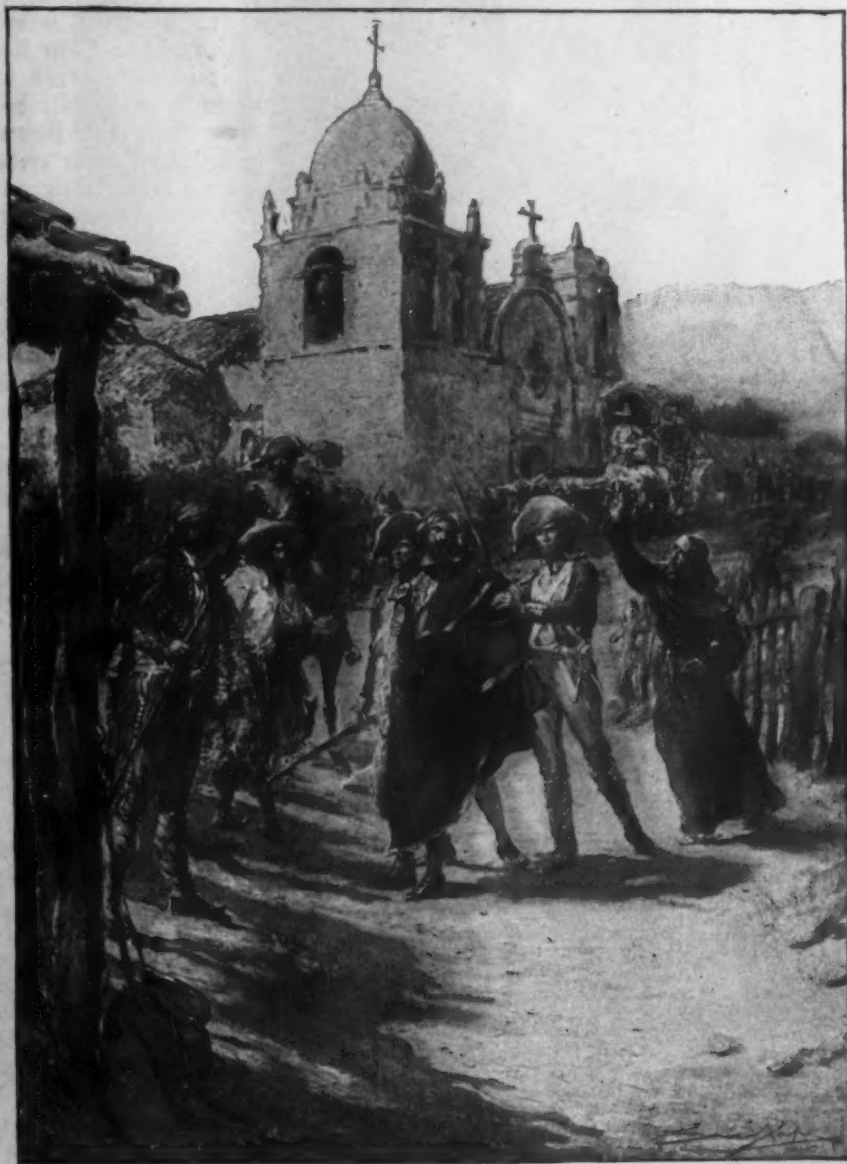
"What a deplorable thing!"

"And yet I'm not so sure that she wilfully deceives, though I have detected her in fraud. Probably the whole thing began in some childish disorder which threw her system out of balance. There are hundreds of such cases in medical literature. She was 'possessed,' as of old, with a sort of devilish 'secondary personality.' She probably wrote treatises left-handed and upside-down. They often begin that way. The mother, lately bereaved, was convinced of her daughter's occult powers. She nursed the delusion, formed a circle, sat in the darkness, petting the girl when things happened, mourning when the walls were silent—and there you are! 'Sludge the Medium' all over again, in a small way. Probably the girl didn't intend to deceive anybody at first, but she was tolled along from one fakery to another, till at last she found her-

self powerless in the grasp of her self-induced coma. She is anxious to escape her slavery; she revolts, and is most unhappy, but sees no way out. That's my present understanding of the case. Now, what is your advice? What can I do? I am deeply interested in the girl, but I have no authority to act."

"You shock and disgust me," said Serviss, profoundly moved. "The girl seems too fine for such chicanery. Who is this man Clarke?"

"He was a sensational preacher in Brooklyn a few years ago, but a hemorrhage in the pulpit cut short his career in the East. He came out here and got better, but his wife, who had a weak heart, couldn't stand the altitude. She died—a sacrifice to her husband. He's the kind of man who demands sacrifice. After his wife's death he fairly lived at the Lambert cottage, and is now in full control. The girl's will is so weakened that she is but a puppet in the grasp of his powerful personality." Mrs. Lambert is very fond of Clarke; has taken him into her heart. He is at once her son and spiritual adviser; his wishes have the force of commands.



From "Ildro."

Copyright, 1905, by Mary Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"GO IN PEACE, MY SON."

Hopeful View of Ways and Means.*From Stokely and Hurd's "Miss Billy." (Lothrop.)*

"Good!" exclaimed Miss Billy. "Then perhaps, sometime in the dim and misty future I may have a garden of my own. I would be willing to move for that alone."

"And I can raise vegetables and keep chickens," said Theodore.

"And rise at daybreak to plough and harrow, and to feed and water your stock," slyly added Miss Billy.

"Yes, my dear," retorted Theodore with true brotherly inflection, "and without the aid of an alarm clock either. When I hear a combination of an avalanche and an ice wagon going downstairs I shall say to myself: 'Time to get up. There goes Miss Billy.'"

"How about the furniture?" inquired Miss Billy, ignoring her brother's thrust. "It seems to me that what now abundantly fills fourteen rooms will overflow in eight. I have a hazy recollection of a philosophical principle about two objects not being able to occupy the same place at the same time. How shall we manage to get our great-grandmother's colossal bed into an eight by ten

bedroom? Can you put allopathic furniture into a homœopathic house, mother mine?"

"That is another thing to be considered," said Mrs. Lee. "Of course we shall not be able to take all of our furniture. I think we must plan to move only what is most necessary——"

"The bath tub and the Bible," interrupted Theodore.

"Yes," said his mother, smiling in spite of herself at the boy's merry way of treating a serious subject. "And the books for your father, and the piano for Beatrice——"

"And the couch for Theodore," suggested Miss Billy.

"And the watering pot for Miss Billy," retorted Theodore.

"And the sewing machine for me," went on Mrs. Lee, "and the range for Maggie, and the pictures and other comforts for us all. We must make Number 12 Cherry Street into a home as soon as possible. We shall store the rest, not sell it, for I feel sure that we shall need it all some day."

Miss Billy slid down on to the floor between her mother and father, and patted a hand of each. "Don't look so solemncholy," she said fondly; "moving isn't the worst thing in the world. We have been so comfortable all our lives that we don't know what it is to deprive ourselves of anything. And perhaps it will be a good lesson for us all—at least for Beatrice and Ted and me. Besides, I must confess that I already begin to feel a yearning to take possession of my new home. I believe that I shall like Number 12 Cherry Street."

Mrs. Lee smiled dubiously. "It is not a very pleasant house," she said. "And we shall not live as comfortably as we have been living since you can remember. You must not raise your hopes so high that a fall will hurt them. There are many things about the new life that will be hard and uncomfortable and distasteful, and we shall long for our pretty home and our old neighbours many, many times. But we are all together, and we have health and hope, which surely ought to bring happiness. And home is always home, no matter where the house is."

Unreconstructed.*From Dickson's "The Ravanel's." (Lippincott, \$1.50.)*

THE front room to the left was still designated "The Parlor," although the Graysons had never used it since the war. It was a huge square room, with a long pier glass in it which the chances of a siege had left unbroken, family portraits, a veteran piano, and a lot of ancient furniture. John Davezac knew it well, and he knew exactly what he had come to see.

He stamped into the room and walked straight to the mantelpiece. There he stopped, glanced around at the old-fashioned hangings, the wall-paper with queer little medallions all over it; then he kicked aside a rug; he shoved the center-table out of its place, moved a big chair, another rug, and another. Under everything he touched there was a hole cut cleanly out of the carpet and the bare floor showed beneath it.



From "Miss Billy." Copyright, 1905, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"ALL OI DO BE NADIN'" . . . "IS A CHECK REIN
FROM THE TOP AV ME HEAD TO ME
SHOULDER-BLADES."

The Grayson's carpet had once been their family pride—a soft cream color, with huge red roses at intervals. Now it looked more like a chess-board, with every other square left blank. The roses were all gone, every one of them cut out by Federal cavalrymen to make into saddle-blankets. Aunt Blessy could remember seeing the whole squad ride off with those brilliant roses underneath their saddles.

Mr. Davezac stood there glaring down at the holes; he gritted his teeth and swore, "Damn the dam-Yankees."

In his dictionary "dam-Yankee" was a compound word, riveted together and utterly indivisible.

The old man examined the scars on the piano—saw where the strings had been torn out so that the troopers might feed their horses in the box—and he swore; he stuck his fingers into the rips on the horse-hair sofa, and swore, and swore.

Then he looked at all those familiar portraits again; they were really very comical, with their eyes punched out and mouths slit straight across, slashed by bayonet and sabre.

John Davezac stopped beneath one of these portraits, a woman, young and very beautiful. Both her eyes were gone and she had a great gash on her breast. A vein began to swell in the old man's throat, but he forgot to swear.

John Davezac drew a long breath and stamped out of the room. "Don't give a damn!" he muttered. "We killed more o' them than they did of us."

He strode across the hall and looked into the library; there was nobody there. Then he went around in front and stalked down the long gallery to General Grayson.

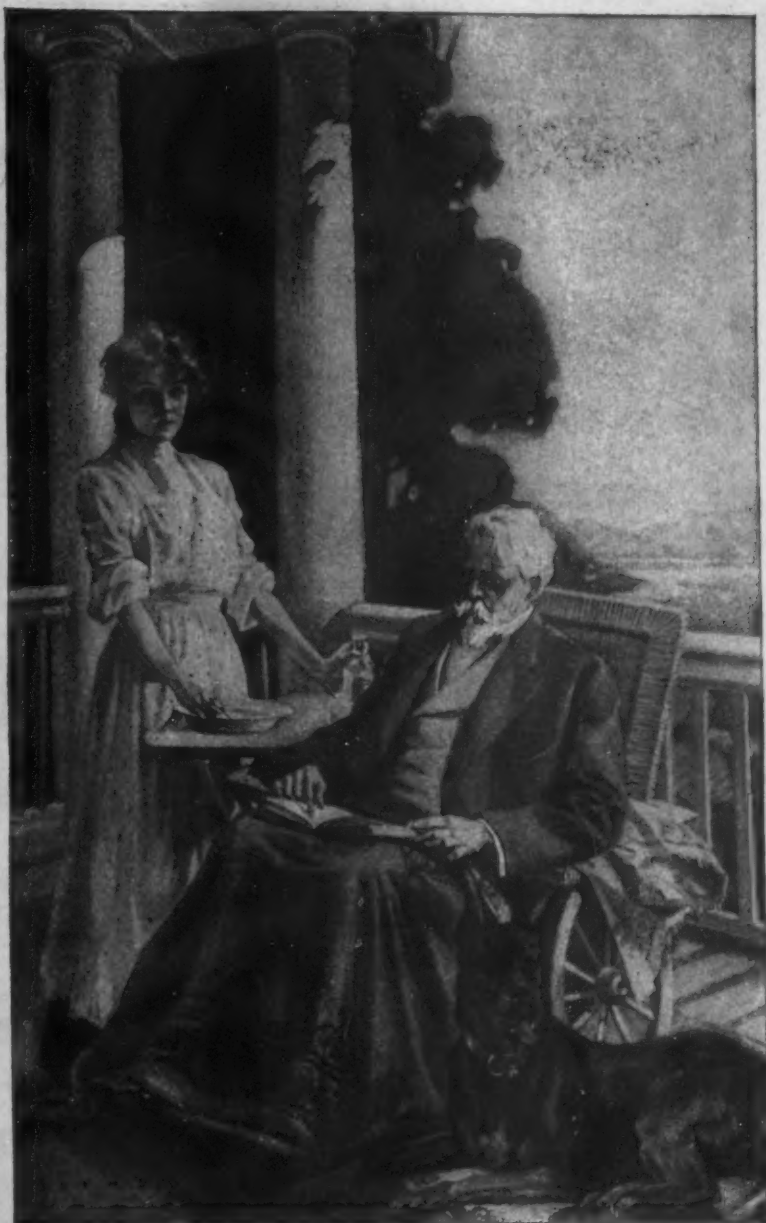
The General was reading; his beard brushed a copy of "Amiel's Journal," which he held in his lap, and a steady finger followed the passages as he read. In the Frenchman's placid philosophy he always found a companionship that enabled him to smile upon the backs of a forgetful world. Davezac startled him.

"I say, Marcy," Davezac burst out, "it's a damn shame! I've just been looking around in there again."

"Looking around at what?" Grayson closed the book, holding his forefinger between the pages.

"Why, the way those dam-Yankees tore up your house."

The General glanced at him, and the merriest of twinkles came into his eye; but he



From "The Ravaneli."

Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE GIRL STIRRED AND THOUGHT.

said nothing; he knew that Davezac would break out again in a minute.

"One of them came down to my place last Monday,—you know I'm staying down here for a while until my house on the plantation is repaired,—a long-legged feller from I—o—way, as he calls it; he said his battery had occupied a hill out there by my house somewhere and he was looking for it; had a lot of maps and things. Of course, the nigger hackman didn't know that hill from a hole in the ground, so I told Captain Quarles that I'd help him locate it. I knew the hill very well from the way he described it.

"Now, Marcy, don't you know I must have been hard up for something to do? Nan and Matilda are gone away and I get kind o' lonesome. But I couldn't 'a' done less than show the feller a hill, could I, Marcy?"

General Grayson nodded. He did not smile—visibly.

Davezac leaned against the gallery rail, looking uneasily at the river, and went on: "So we got a couple of horses and rode over to that hill. By dogs, Marcy, what do you



From Calvert's "Life of Cervantes."

John Lane.

DON QUIXOTE DISCOURSING THE GOLDEN AGE.

[London, 1738. 7th edition.]

think? He was the same dam-Yankee captain that commanded the battery stationed right in front of mine—we were pluggin' away at each other for nearly three months. Sometimes I used to see him jump up on his gun and cheer when he sent a shell that knocked us all to flinders."

Davezac writhed in spirit, then he began to admit the worst. "Now, Marcy, I wouldn't tell a soul in the world about this but you. What do you think we did—two old sniffin' fools? Soon as we found that out we got down, right there in the mud, and stood bare-headed, shakin' hands. Couldn't neither one of us say a damn word. Ain't I just a natural-born chuckle-head?"

Queer Links of History.

From Tracy's "The Great Mogul." (Clode.)

UNHAPPILY, in the moment of victory, a young, pale-faced monk, an ascetic and visionary, maddened by the success of his country's hereditary foe, sprang from the nook in which he lurked and struck Mowbray a heavy blow with the large brass crucifix he carried.

The Englishman had doffed his hat and was courteously saluting the Spanish captain, who was in the act of yielding up his sword. One outstretched arm of the image of mercy penetrated his skull, and he fell dead at the feet of his captive.

At once the conflict broke out anew. Nothing could restrain the crew of the *Resolution* when they noted the dastardly murder of their chivalrous leader. The galleon became a slaughter-house. The monk, frenzied as a beast in the shambles, sprang overboard and was carried past another ship, the *Vera Cruz*, which rescued him. This vessel was one of the few storm-wracked and fever-laden survivors of the Armada which reached Corunna.

The Englishmen learnt from wounded Spaniards that the fanatical ecclesiastic was a certain Fra Geronimo from the great Jesuit seminary at Toledo. They remembered the name so that they might curse it. They cried in their rage because Fra Geronimo had escaped them.

A black snake in the plain of Herat, a glittering crucifix on board the *San José* in the Channel off Gravelines—these were queer links, savoring of necromancy, whereby the lives of gallant men and fair women should be bound indissolubly. Yet it was so, as those who follow this strange and true history shall learn, for many a blow was struck and many a heart ached because Nur Mahal lived and Sir Robert Mowbray died in that wonderful month of July, 1588.

De Amicis Judges Cervantes.

From Calvert's "Life of Cervantes." (Lane.)

"We crossed the Mancha," writes de Amicis in another reference to Cervantes in his work on "Spain," "the celebrated Mancha, the immortal theatre of the adventures of Don Quixote. It is just as I imagined it. There are broad, bare plains, long tracts of sandy earth, some windmills, a few miserable villages, solitary paths, and wretched, abandoned houses. On seeing those places I experienced a feeling of melancholy which the perusal of Cervantes' book always rouses; and I repeated to myself what I always say in reading it: 'This man cannot make one laugh; or, if he does, under the smile, the tears are springing up.' Don Quixote is a sad and solemn character; his mania is a lament; his life is the history of the dreams, illusions, disappointments and aberrations of us all; the struggle of reason with the imagination, of the true with the false, the ideal with the real! We all have something of Don Quixote about us; we all take windmills for giants; all are spurred upward from time to time by an impulse of enthusiasm, and driven back by a laugh of disdain; are all a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, and feel, with profound bitterness, the perpetual contrast between the greatness of our aspirations and the weakness of our powers."

The Triumvirate That Rules Japan's Destiny.

From "The Yellow War." (McClure, Phillips.)

THESE three men are worthy of close observation, for they form the Triumvirate that is ruling Japan's destinies at the present moment. The small, podgy, pock-marked man, whom no caricaturist could fail to lampoon as a frog, is Baron Oyama, the Roberts of Japan. We use the parallel to our own great soldier only as a figure of location. In temperament there is no likeness between the two, except that each in his respective country is a great soldier. And what a history lies behind this diminutive field-marshal! He has seen the latent fighting strength of his nation develop in a single generation from the standard attained in the mediæval civilization of the East to that of a first-class Western Power; has lived to command it in the act of overthrowing the vaunted strength of a Western Power. But to few great military leaders has such an opportunity come as has presented itself to the present generalissimo of Japan's army.

Twelve years ago this very marshal was called upon to command in the field against the strength of China. The opening phases of his present campaign were conducted over the very ground through which he then manœuvred his victorious troops. Does it come often in the lifetime of a general to operate twice over the same squares of the map? In the present operations the knowledge gleaned in that first campaign has been worth an army corps.

The little general seated at the marshal's

right is the Kitchener of Japan. If we had not known that he was Japanese, his quick dark eye, dapper figure, and pointed beard would have led us to believe that he was a Spaniard, or perhaps a Mexican. General Baron Kodama is the executive brain of the Japanese general staff. Of the third member of the Triumvirate, however, we have no parallel in the British army. Like his illustrious associates, he also is small. He is fair for a Japanese, and the splash of gray at either temple enhances the fairness of his skin. Save for a rare and very pleasant smile, the face is unemotional. The dark eyes are dreamy, and the poorest expression of the great brain that works behind them. This is General Fukushima, whose genius has been the concrete-mortar which has cemented into solid block the rough-hewn material of Japan's general staff.

These are the three men who hitherto have repeatedly overthrown Russia's military strength in the Far East. And since the Japanese army of invasion landed in Korea and Manchuria, it has been this Triumvirate, first from this very room and the three adjacent ones, and latterly at the front, that has controlled the destinies of the army in the field. This is the Japanese system, this perhaps the secret of the Japanese success. The strategical factor in the operations is the general staff, wherever it may be located. Whether in Tokyo, in the field, or in Timbuctoo, the tactical remains with the generals commanding in the field. . . . On the morrow the Envoys Extraordinary of all the great Western powers, glittering in their bullion charged dresses, will be present to wish the Triumvirate "God-speed."



From "The Yellow War,"

McClure, Phillips & Co.

"BLACK, HISSING, AND BATTERED, THE BOAT WAS CLOSING ON US LIKE SOME HIDEOUS SEA-MONSTER."

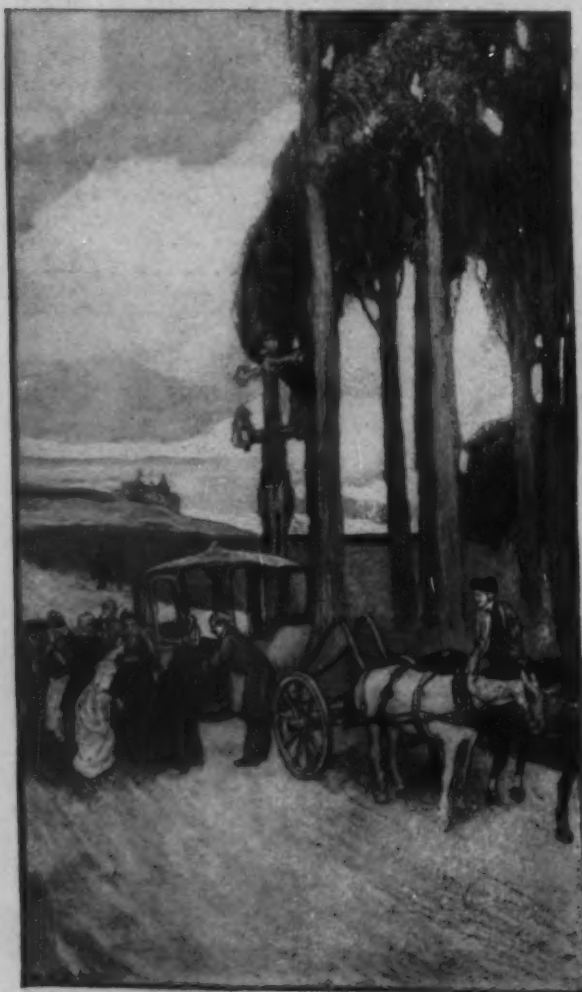
The Marquise Welcomes Louis XIX.

From Frances A. Mathews's "The Marquise's Millions." (Funk & W.)

THE six horses were pulled up on their haunches by the postillions; Monsieur l'Abbé and Monsieur le Chevalier descended from their coach assisted each by a lacquey; they, in turn, assisted Madame la Marquise and mademoiselle to alight, and all four crossed the carrefour in procession, the marquise leading, to the side of the coach of Louis The 19th, where, with a courtesy just precisely such as a de la Coutrée made to Louis The 13th, the marquise welcomed his sacred majesty to this loyal part of his domains.

De Monplaisir, not to be outdone in chivalrous courtesy, and, perfectly master of his situation, impetuously leaped from the coach, bowed with his hat in his one hand, the other on his heart; seized the hands of both the marquise and mademoiselle, kissed them with inimitable grace, expressed his profound emotion, including in this all the beholders by a courtly wave of the arm, and turn of the eyes; insisted upon the marquise entering his coach and being driven at his side to the château.

And then, the Comte, the Prince, the Baron, the Mayor, the Notary, the Bailiff,



From "The Marquise's Millions." Copyright, 1905, by Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"DE MONPLAISIR IMPETUOUSLY LEAPED FROM THE COACH AND SEIZED THE HAND OF THE MARQUISE."

the Chevalier, the Abbé, and everybody else, including many young persons of the feminine order, who testify to the beauty of the king's eyes, set up a hurrah of acclaim, devotion, heartfelt welcome, and enthusiasm such as had echoed right royally the same for Louis the 13th long ago.

"Ah, the condescending graciousness of his majesty! the sublime affability! the humility! the self-abasement, of the handsome, graceful, beautiful young monarch! The touchiness of his glances as he accepted the fleur-de-lys from the hand of Madame la Marquise, and at once placed it in his button-hole! the amiable lowliness of his demeanor as he took from Mademoiselle Jeanne Marie de Frijac the embossed ode to his majesty, written by Monsieur l'Abbé, and instead of replacing it in its sandalwood box put it in his left-hand breast pocket! The exalted manner in which he bowed right and left to all his people! his angelic demeanor when the one year's wife of Gironac, the joiner, audaciously held up her baby in the very door of the royal coach, as he smiled and laid his hand upon its head in benediction. Ah, what so beautiful as to behold such grandeur united to such simplicity!"

Winning Is the Thing Which Counts.

From Robert Grant's "The Orchid." (Scribner.)

"WE must win at any cost at foot-ball or trade, in affairs or in love."

She made one of her little pauses. Decidedly he was a kindred spirit and to be cultivated. "I am an exotic then."

"How so?"

"Competition—the national creed—does not interest me."

"Because you win so easily. I watched you play this morning. You will have no rival of your own sex here."

She ignored the tribute; she knew that already; it was the thesis which interested her.

"It bores me—winning, I mean. Golf, for the time being, is a delight."

He gave her a pirate glance, as though to search her soul, and uttered one of his bold sallies:

"That is, your doll is stuffed with——"

She checked him, shaking her head. "Oh, no. That is, I think not, I have never cut her open. I had in mind something quite different." Her dainty face grew pensive as she sought the exact phrase to interpret her psychology. "I have never had to struggle for anything. It has always come to me."

"Exactly." His note of emphasis reminded her that her words were, after all, merely an indirect echo of his diagnosis. "But your time is sure to come," he asserted confidently.

The smile of incredulity which curved her lips betrayed entertainment also. "In what field?" she inquired.

Spencer shrugged his shoulders. "I am a student of character, not a soothsayer."

"And then?" she queried.

"You will be like the rest of us—only more so. You could not bear to lose at any cost."

Stingaree.

From Hornung's "Stingaree."
(Scribner.)

KENTISH wished himself out of the absurd little two-horse coach, out of an expedition whose absurdity was on a larger scale, and back again on the shady side of the two or three streets where he lived his normal life. The fare at wayside inns made the thought of his club a positive pain; and these pangs were at their sharpest when Stingaree cantered out of the scrub on his lily mare, a blessed bolt from the blue.

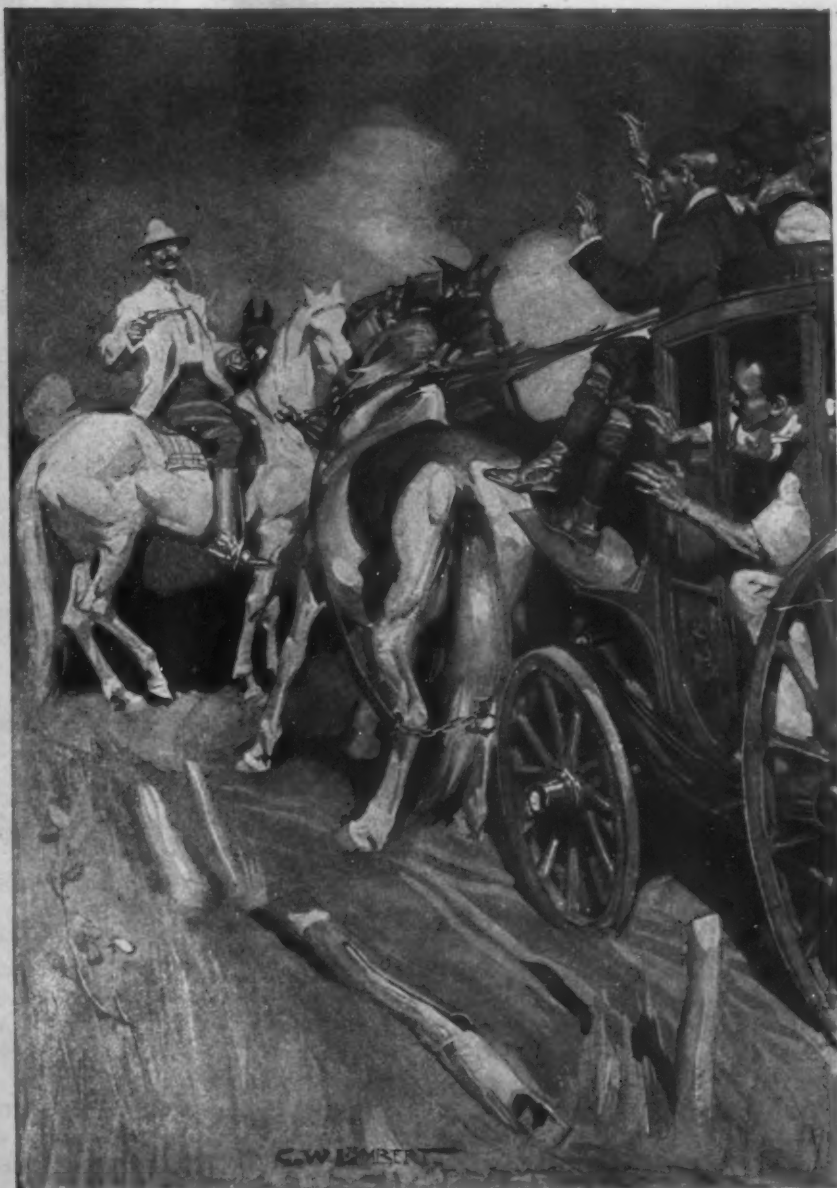
Mr. Kentish watched the little operation of "sticking up" without a word, but with revived interest in life. He noted the pusillanimous pallor of the driver and his friend, and felt personally indebted to the desperado who had put a stop to their unpleasant conversation. The inside passenger made a yet more obsequious surrender. Not that the trio were set any better example by their noble ally, who began by smiling at the whole affair, and was content to the last in taking an observant interest in the bushranger's methods. These were simple and in a sense humane; there was no personal robbery at all. The mail-bags were sufficient for Stingaree, who on this occasion worked alone, but led a pack-horse, to which the driver and the inside passenger were compelled to strap the long canvas bags, under his eye-glass and his long revolver. Few words were spoken from first to last; the Hon. Guy never put in his at all; but he watched the outlaw like a lynx, without betraying an undue attention, and when all was over he gave a sigh.

"So that's Stingaree!" he said, more to himself than to his comrades in humiliation.

Lovere Immortalized by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

From Edith Wharton's "Italian Backgrounds."
(Scribner.)

SUNSET brought us to Lovere, at the head of the lake of Iseo. It was the stillest of still evenings, and the little town which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has immortalized was reflected, with every seam and wrinkle of its mountain background, in the pearly



From "Stingaree."

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MR. KENTISH WATCHED THE LITTLE OPERATION OF "STICKING UP" WITHOUT A WORD.

surface of the lake. Literal-minded critics, seeking in vain along the shore for Lady Mary's villa and garden, have grumbled at the inaccuracy of her descriptions; but every lover of Italy will understand the mental process by which she unconsciously created an imaginary Lovere. For though the town, at first sight, is dull and disappointing, yet, taken with its surroundings, it might well form the substructure of one of those Turner-esque visions which, in Italy, are perpetually intruding between the most conscientious traveller and his actual surroundings. It is indeed almost impossible to see Italy steadily and see it whole. The onset of impressions and memories is at times so overwhelming that observation is lost in mere sensation.

Certainly he who, on an August morning, sails from Lovere to Iseo, at the southern end of the lake, is likely to find himself succumbing to Lady Mary's hallucinations. Warned by her example, and conscious of lacking her extenuating gift, I hesitate to record my impressions of the scene; or venture, at most, to do so in the past tense,



From "Italian Backgrounds."

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BY THE PORT OF LOVERE.

asserting (and this even with a mental reservation) that on a certain morning a certain number of years ago the lake of Iseo wore such and such an aspect. But the difficulty of rendering the aspect remains. I can only say it was that very lake of the *carte du Tendre* upon which, in the eighteenth-century romances, gay parties in velvet-hung barges used to set out for the island of Cythera.

Analytical Love-Making.

From Howells's "Miss Bellard's Inspiration."
(Harper.)

"WELL—where was I? Oh yes! Lillias felt that if she had no doubt about marrying Mr. Craybourne she would have no misgivings about marriage; or if she had perfect faith in marriage she could confidently trust herself in marrying him. But as she has neither, she can't."

Crombie rubbed his forehead, as if to clear away a cloud within. "I don't believe I've followed you," he said.

"Why, he's offered himself, but she hasn't thought it out yet."

"And she's got him here to help her think?"

"That is where the sinuosity comes in; that is where Lillias shows herself a true girl."

Crombie laughed. "And what does she expect us to do?"

"Do you know what she said to me? Not just in so many words, but that was the sum and substance of it. She made a long, sly preamble about having always thought us the happiest married couple she had ever seen, the most united and harmonious; and she wanted Mr. Craybourne to know us, too."

"As a sort of object-lesson? I'm not sure that I should like to be studied. It would make me conscious."

"Of course," Mrs. Crombie said, with a seriousness which amazed him, "it's very flattering."

"It's taffy of the most barefaced description. Now, my dear, you look out for that girl. Don't trust her beyond your sight. Does she expect us to take any active part in regard to this Englishman of hers?"

"Oh no. And I quite agree with you about her slyness. There can't be so much smoke without some fire, and I shall certainly watch her. She wants to commit us to some scheme in her mother's absence, and I am not going to be used. She will find that out."

Sir Arthur Surveyed His Womankind.

From the Castles' "Rose of the World." (Stokes.)

ONE of the problems that had most puzzled Aspasia, since unexpected family misfortunes had driven her to seek a home with the Lieutenant-Governor (her uncle and guardian), was whether her beautiful young aunt did not really hate Sir Arthur; and, "if she didn't," as the child phrased it, "how she could?" But not even Baby's shrewd, scornful eyes could discover a flaw in the serenity with which Lady Gerardine listened to her husband's theories, or the grace with which she lent herself to the fulfilment of his wishes.

She now sat beside him with a half smile, her hands busied with some delicate work: a lovely picture of cool placidity.

Sir Arthur turned and gazed upon her with such an eye of condescending and com-

placent affection as that with which the Grand Turk may regard his last favorite.

"Well, dear," he pursued, "I have finally rejected the Rajah's request."

"Indeed?"

She shot a look at him as if she would have added something; but upon the second thought dropped her long lids and resumed her embroidery, while Aspasia, in her usual pose at her aunt's feet, broke into shrill protest:

"You never did? Why, Runkle, and everybody said the poor man was quite right! Only last night I heard General Staveley tell Aunt Rosamond that it was a mere case of justice, not to say one of expediency."

The Lieutenant-Governor's self-satisfaction waxed visibly to swelling point.

"Ha! I daresay," he commented. "Indeed, I flatter myself, my dear Aspasia, that there is not another man in India that would have dared to take the responsibility. Aha, Rosamond, firmness! I was firm. Very firm. Discontented, disloyal set! I won't give them an inch more than the measure."

"Oh, Lor!" ejaculated Baby.

Lady Gerardine's eyelashes flickered a second.

"Quiet!" she said, giving her niece a tap upon the shoulder.

Baby subsided, growling to herself like a tiger cub: "That nice prince . . . ! If Runkle does not start a new mutiny—"

Sir Arthur surveyed his womankind a second with that singularly sweet smile of his. They were his womankind, part of his personal belongings; and therefore it never even dawned upon him that they could be anything but superlative of their degree; much less that they could form an independent opinion really unfavorable to himself. His niece's petulance affected him not otherwise than as an agreeable *émoustillage* in moments of relaxation such as these, as well as an opportunity for the display of his own indulgent wit and wisdom. He had a pride in her smart tongue as well as in her pretty looks; and Aspasia's most earnest attempts produced no more effect upon her distinguished relative than would the gambols of a kitten. Thus he now beamed upon her. In his early years of London society and successes he had been noted

for that beautiful smile. "The ass with the seraphic smile," a light-hearted St. James's comrade had dubbed him, little guessing that his country would, in the future, consider so well of "the ass" as to confide some of the greatest interests of the Empire to his charge. In spite of which (all unknown to its distinguished wearer) the nickname stuck.

Could Hecla be Unjust.

From Valentine's "Hecla Sandwith." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"RICHARD," she controlled her voice with an effort, "am I to understand then that you refuse to go into partnership with Dave?"

He watched her face grow tense with angry disappointment; and he said gently:

"Hecla, it pains me to seem indifferent to your interests, but my refusal is a matter of honor, of fairness to Mr. Markham. Would you want your husband to be false to his obligations? It is my duty to stand by the mine."

"You are very particular about your duty to others, Richard," she retorted with bitterness. "But do you remember your duty to me



From "The Rose of the World." Copyright, 1905, by Egerton Castle. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S SELF-SATISFACTION WAXED VISIBLY TO SWELLING POINT.

—your wife? You claim you love me, yet you fail me at such a time—fail me in a matter so vital to me and my family. Why," she cried, drawing a quick breath, "when I married you I felt almost as if you had given me your solemn promise you would help Dave if necessary!"

Her words were like an accusation, and his voice showed that he felt her injustice.

"I do not understand how you could have felt that our marriage implied such a promise. I remember no occasion in which the matter was discussed between us. You knew at the time of my business investments; how it was my dearest ambition to make a success of the mine."

"My father's letter—" she began; then pride stopped her lips. Why should she tell him how her father depended on him; and of his distrust of David.

"And so," she continued after a passionate pause, "I must inform Wentworth that my husband has failed me—that I trusted too much to his affection!"

Her hands were wrung together and she bit her lip to suppress her emotion. He noted this and the whiteness of her look.

"Hecla," he said gently, "do you think you are quite just to me? Don't you see that I love you too dearly ever to want to grow less in your eyes by acting weakly and against my own convictions of right?" He let one hand fall lightly on her shoulders as he stood looking down upon her where she sat, her brooding eyes half closed and fixed on the carpet. "What would you think of me if I forfeited my self-respect, even to save your father's furnace? You will come to look at my refusal in the right light, Hecla, and be glad of it."

"I shall never see it in any other light but the truth," was the reply. "Ambition is first with you, your wife second. You want to prove to the world that it was mistaken in its opinion of Snow Shoe and you sacrifice me rather than your pride." She rose and going to the fireplace leaned there, her face hidden from him. "I can hardly believe," she said after a moment of silence, "that you are the same man I married with such confidence. Richard, how you have disappointed me!"

For Comrades the Desert and the Sun.

From Hichens's "The Garden of Allah." (Stokes.)

THEY were near Beni-Mora now. Its palms appeared far off, and in the midst of them a snow-white tower. The Sahara lay beyond and around it, rolling away from the foot of low, brown hills, that looked as if they had been covered with a soft powder of bronze. A long spur of rose-colored mountains stretched away towards the south. The sun was very near his setting. Small, red clouds floated in the western quarter of the sky, and the far desert was becoming mysteriously dim and blue like a remote sea. Here and there thin wreaths of smoke ascended from it, and lights glittered in it, like earth-bound stars.

Domini had never before understood how

strangely, how strenuously, color can at moments appeal to the imagination. In this pageant of the East she saw arise the naked soul of Africa; no faded, gentle thing, fearful of being seen, fearful of being known and understood; but a phenomenon vital, bold and gorgeous, like the sound of a trumpet pealing a great *réveille*. As she looked on this flaming land laid fearlessly bare before her, disdaining the clothing of grass, plant and flower, of stream and tree, displaying itself with an almost brazen *insouciance*, confident in its spacious power, and in its golden pride, her heart leaped up as if in answer to a deliberate appeal. The fatigue in her died. She responded to this *réveille* like a young warrior who, so soon as he is awakened, stretches out his hand for his sword. The sunset flamed on her clear, white cheeks, giving them its hue of life. And her nature flamed to meet it. In the huge spaces of the Sahara her soul seemed to hear the footsteps of Freedom treading towards the south. And all her dull perplexities, all her bitterness of *ennui*, all her questionings and doubts, were swept away on the keen desert wind into the endless plains. She had come from her last confession asking herself, "What am I?" She had felt infinitely small confronted with the pettiness of modern, civilized life in a narrow, crowded world. Now she did not torture herself with any questions, for she knew that something large, something capable, something perhaps even noble, rose up within her to greet all this nobility, all this mighty frankness and fierce, undressed sincerity of nature. This desert and this sun would be her comrades, and she was not afraid of them.

Without being aware of it she breathed out a great sigh, feeling the necessity of liberating her joy of spirit, of letting the body, however inadequately and absurdly, make some demonstration in response to the secret stirring of the soul. The man in the far corner of the carriage turned and looked at her. When she heard this movement Domini remembered her irritation against him at El-Akbara. In this splendid moment the feeling seemed to her so paltry and contemptible that she had a lively impulse to make amends for the angry look she had cast at him. Possibly, had she been quite normal, she would have checked such an impulse. The voice of conventionality would have made itself heard. But Domini could act vigorously, and quite carelessly, when she was moved. And she was deeply moved now, and longed to lavish the humanity, the sympathy and ardor that were quick in her. In answer to the stranger's movement she turned towards him, opening her lips to speak to him. Afterwards she never knew what she meant to say, whether, if she had spoken, the words would have been French or English. For she did not speak.

The man's face was illumined by the setting sun. The light glittered on his short hair. He had pushed back his soft hat and exposed his high rugged forehead to the air. The large knotted veins on it, the stretched sinews, were very perceptible.

The Adventurer Meets the Police.*From Vance's "Terence O'Rourke." (Wessels.)*

CHAMBRET quickly swung up the shade of the lamp, nodding in satisfaction as the glare disclosed the lineaments of the Irishman.

miss a chance of showing off. But nobody's watching him now, save me. What for is he waiting?"

However, he was yet to become acquainted with Monsieur Adolph Chambret. That gentleman took his full time, carefully mapping



From "Terence O'Rourke."

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"MONSIEUR, FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, DO NOT LOOK SO FIERCE."

"I thought so," he said. "I was not mistaken."

O'Rourke dropped languidly, easily, into the chair, swinging a careless leg over one of its arms.

"Upon me word!" he mused aloud. "What is he driving at now, d'ye think? Is the man mad?"

Chambret's attitude was a puzzle to him. If the man had immediately identified him, why had he not been denounced to the princess at once? Why this delay, this playing to the gallery for melodramatic effect?

"Of course," he admitted, "the man's a Frenchman; 'tis not in the likes of him to

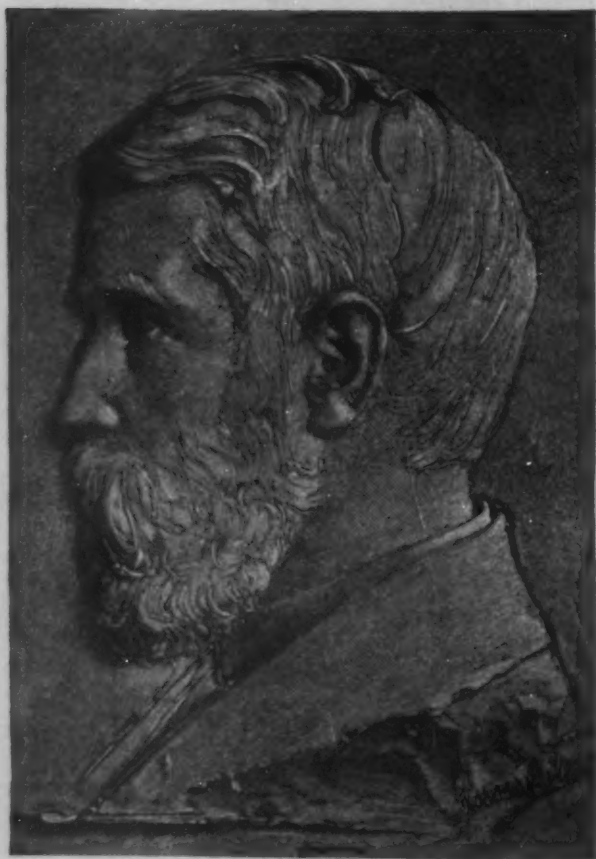
out his plan of action behind that high, thinking forehead of his, as carefully subduing his anger—or, rather, keeping his finger upon the gage of it, that it might not get beyond his control.

"You are wondering what I propose to do with you, monsieur?" he queried at length, in a temperate, even tone.

"Faith, I was wondering what I'd have to do to ye, to make ye keep quiet," amended O'Rourke, abandoning all pretense.

The Frenchman moved impatiently. "You are presumptuous, monsieur," he said.

"I'm the very divvle of a fellow," admitted O'Rourke with engaging candor. "We'll take



From "Jörn Uhl."

(Copyright, 1905, by Dana Estes & Co.

GUSTAV FRENSSEN.

all the personalities for granted, if ye please. Monsieur Chambret. But as to business—"

"I am debating whether or not to hand you over to the gendarmes."

"Ye harbored that identical delusion a while ago, I believe. Don't bother with it; 'tis not so, really."

"And what is to prevent me, may I ask?"

"The answer, monsieur," returned O'Rourke, unruffled, "is—meself. Do ye connect with that?"

Chambret's eyes blazed; but still he held his temper in leash.

"May I inquire how you elbowed your way in here?"

"'Tis easy enough; I've no objection to telling ye. Ye called your policeman—I ran. Ye pursued—I saw the open door of madame's *fiacre*, thought it empty, jumped in, telling the driver to go to the Gare du Nord. He went—bless him!—as though every gendarme in Paris was after him."

"And—"

"And so I became acquainted with madame; she knew me, it seems—knew me record—and asked me to join her in this affair. I agreed."

"You know—everything, then, monsieur?"

"Sure I do, me boy. And now, what are ye going to do about it?"

"Nothing," announced Chambret coolly, seating himself in the chair which the princess had vacated. "Nothing at all."

He directed a level stare at O'Rourke, who sat up and faced him suddenly.

"I'll be damned!" the Irishman prophesied admiringly. "D'ye mean it?"

"I do, most certainly."

"Why?" gasped O'Rourke, astonished.

"Because we need you, monsieur. More particularly, because madame needs you."

Many Books Bringeth Not Wisdom.

From Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl." (Estes.)

As the Lüneberger slowly got up, the customer laid a little pile of silver on the counter, and said, "I want to buy some books with this."

"Books?"

"Yes, books! Have you ever heard whether a certain Theodor Storm has written a book?"

"Storm? I should think he had. He's written a host of little novels."

"Novels? I don't know what that is; but it doesn't sound the right thing. I'll tell you straight what I mean. I carry out parcels for a business here in Herman Strasse, and I've waited till I got a chance to speak to you alone. It's like this. On our farm at home we had an old servant who was properly called Penn, but she was so mighty shrewd that people always called her Wieten Klook. Well, this Wieten Klook used to make out a certain Theodor Storm and a man named Müllenhoff were going to write a book together. She herself hadn't much of an opinion of them and their projects; but if they by any chance really have written a book, I'd like to have it; and there's the money, six Prussian dollars."

The 'prentice in the shop under St. Peter's sat on the accountant's stool looking at this strange customer with eyes wide with astonishment. "Storm and Müllenhoff! What's the book about, then?"

"Well . . . to put it short . . . about how a man is to grow wise and rich. That's what I want to know."

Then the 'prentice from the Lüneberger Heath stood up and said, emphatically: "There's no such book to be had. Bless me, anything else but that! What! get wise by reading a book! I tell you you can grow stupid from many a book; and there's books'll drive you crazy. Others'll make you sad, and some'll make you laugh, perhaps. And others may teach you this and that, it's true, but as for making you wise and rich—tush! There are no such books. . . . You ask what Storm's written? Just wait a moment . . . See, here's one. This is a book he wrote. There are stories in it about good and deep-natured men and all sorts of dreamers. He's one of our greatest poets."

The purchaser shook his head, biting his teeth together, and gazing at the counter. "Then Wieten must have been right after all when she said he'd come to no good."

The youth from the Lüneberger Heath pushed aside the books that lay before him. "My opinion's this. Look, now, these books, from the lowest to the topmost shelf, row above row—you can read 'em all through, and be as stupid and even stupider after it than you were before. One doesn't grow wise from books, but from the life one lives."

Tea With "Ouida."

From Mrs. Waddington's *"Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife."* (Scribner.)

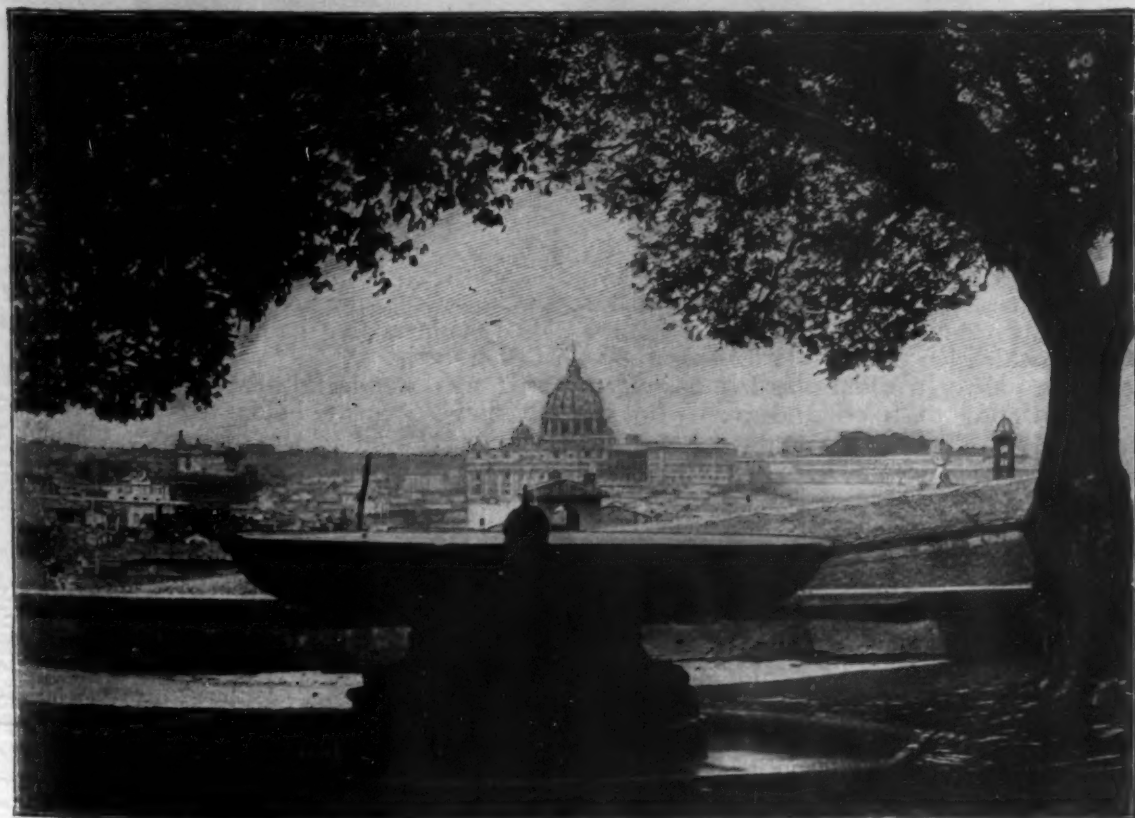
THIS afternoon we went to have tea with "Ouida" at her villa outside Florence. She was most anxious Waddington should come to her—which he agreed to do—though afternoon visits are not much in his line. As we were rather a large party we went out in detachments, and Madame de Tchiatcheff drove me. We arrived before the Bunsens and Waddington. Ouida came to the gate to meet us, and Madame Tchiatcheff named me. She was civil, but before I had time to say that M. Waddington was coming in another carriage, she looked past me, saying, "Et Monsieur Waddington—il ne vient donc pas," with such evident disappointment and utter indifference to the presence of Madame Waddington that I was rather taken aback; but I suppose geniuses must not be judged like other people. I was rather disappointed in her appearance. I expected to see her dressed either in "primrose satin with trails of white lace," or as an Italian peasant, and she really looked like any one else—her hair cut short and a most intelligent face. She was interesting when she talked about Italy and the absolute poverty of the people. She spoke either French or English, both equally well. When the visit had been talked of at home we had told W. he must read, or at any rate look over one of her books. I didn't think he could undertake one of her long novels, "Idalia," for instance, where the heroine wanders for days through wood and dale attired in a white satin dress, and arrives at her destination looking like "a tall, beautiful, pure lily;" but I think he might like one of her short Italian stories, which are charming,

such beautiful descriptions. I always remember one of her sentences, "There is nothing in the world so beautiful as the smile of Italy to the awakening Spring."

China's Right to Herself.

From Fox's *"Following the Sun-Flag."* (Scribner.)

THIS is distinctly a human country—a country of cornfields, beans and potatoes, horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, goats, and no freaks in tree-trunk, branch, or foliage. But I can't get over seeing a Chinaman in a cornfield. It is always a shock. He doesn't seem to have any right there—somehow nobody does except a white man or a darky. There are tumblebugs in the dusty road and gray, flying grasshopper-like things that rise from the dust, flutter a few feet from the earth and drop back again, just as they do at home. And the dragon-flies—why, they are nothing in the world but the "snake-doctors" that I used to throw stones at when I was a boy in the Bluegrass. The mountains are treeless and volcanic, but it's a human country and I don't feel as far from home as I did in Japan. Brill says it all looks like a lot of Montana hills around Ohio corn-fields: only the corn is millet that grows twelve feet high. The people eat the top, they feed the blades to live-stock, and the stalk serves almost every purpose of bamboo and for firewoods as well. You can ride for hours between two solid walls of it, and you wonder how there can be people enough in the scattering villages to plant and till, or even to cut it. A richer land I never saw. It looks as though it would feed both armies, and yet there was no sign—no burned house or robbed field or even a cast-off bit of the soldier's



From *"Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife."*

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equipment to show that an army had ever passed that way. One fact only spoke significantly of war. No woman—except a child or a crone—was ever visible. This struck me—when I recalled the trail of the Massachusetts volunteers from Siboney to Santiago and the thousands of women refugees straggling into Caney—as very remarkable. I suppose both Japanese and Russians are trying to keep the good-will of the Chinaman as well as of the rest of the world. I don't wonder that the Russians are fighting for that land, nor shall I wonder should the Japanese, if they win, try to keep it. But how it should belong to anybody but the Chinaman who has tilled it in peace and with no harm to anybody for thousands of years—I can't for the life of me see.

Sure-Footed as a Chamois.

From *Snaith's "Broke of Coveniden."* (Turner.)

So often had Delia and her sisters made the not very difficult ascent of the lower wall itself, and so often had they walked the precarious coping that ran along the top as far as the base of the tower, that they could now perform the feat with the ease, the certainty of an acrobat crossing a tight-rope with a man in a wheelbarrow. To the uninitiated it had a delicious appearance of daring, but they had practised it so often that it had become as simple as the trick of springing into a saddle out of the hand of their father.

The hunting tower itself, however, was much more difficult to overcome. Times without number had they set out to reach the weird emblem in the form of a cross that stood at the top, on a quaint little platform. Not one of them, however, had ever succeeded in making her foothold sufficiently secure in that decrepit masonry covered with ivy and moss which was its only staircase, to scale the full eighty feet of this crazy and wind-shaken altitude. She who accomplished that hazardous task would be the recipient of everlasting honor from her five sisters. At present the record was held by the indomitable Joan, who probably no more fitted by physical development than anybody else to enjoy the honor, yet did so by sheer force of character.

It hardly admitted of question that the plight in which her friend was displayed gave Delia the idea. In mind she felt herself to be his inferior to a cruel degree. But in physique there could be no doubt she was immensely his superior. There was one point at least on which she would not have to bow the knee. The desire to make the most of that advantage was eminently feminine, nor was it less so that she should be possessed by an aspiration to shine in the eyes of one who in his own person united all the other Christian virtues. She had had it from his own lips that feats of an athletic prowess excited his pleasure and his envy. Surely it would be sweet for the despised she to arouse his wonder by the exhibition of a personal skill which he could never hope to acquire.

With creatures of impulse thought is action. The idea once flashed across her mind, it would not allow her a moment to reflect.

In a second, with a joyous, defiant, carolling little laugh she ran to the wall, and before the unsuspecting young man had time to observe, her bird-like feet were scrambling up stone by stone through the moss and cranberries. By the time her companion could rise from his seat on the bank to look at what she was about she was already on the parapet of the wall above his head.

"I say, I say! What *are* you doing!"

Her wild feet were already moving along that narrow and precarious coping which formed the top. Jauntily, joyously, she glided across with exquisite and elastic poise as one exultingly unconscious of peril. It was superb; but the startled witness felt already a shock of nervous bewilderment.

"I say, I say, Miss Broke, what *are* you doing?"

Miss Broke turned an apple-blossom cheek over her shoulder towards him, and proceeded to look down upon her friend with an arch laugh lurking in the corners of her lips. The notes of his self-evident alarm floating up from below were as wine and music to her.

"You must come down, you know. It isn't safe, I am sure it isn't safe."

She paid him no heed. There was that kind of madness in her pulses which his startled solicitude increased. Pouting with infectious little trills of joy, her winged feet tripped on and on across the wall. Her petticoats twinkled about her ankles like the motions of a bird with a white breast, falling and rocketing. Her fair curves swayed in the sunlight. Once she made a roguish pretence of missing her footing, and as the heart of the beholder leapt in sudden agitation, she swung round on her audacious heels, and confronted him with a face as frankly fearless, as frankly mischievous as ever emblazoned the vaunting spirit of woman. She looked as tantalizing as a squirrel, as bold as a robin, and as sure-footed as a chamois leaping along the face of the Alps.

Before he could guess whither her course was pointed, she had reached the base of the hunting tower at the far end of the wall. Immediately her deft feet began to climb that dizzy pinnacle. In vain did he call to her, now in tones of horror. She did not stop nor hesitate, nor once glance back. The madness that had taken her had intensified its grip.

It was wonderful that she should be able to find so many holds for her toes along the sheer front of the masonry. Up and up went the mad thing, not hearing now the entreaties and commands issued to her from below. The amazed, the horrified eye-witness began to lose his self-control.

"Stop for God's sake!" he shouted.

So furious had been her onslaught on that sheer surface, and such had been the quickness with which she had overcome it, that now she swung a truly dangerous height above him, more than two-thirds of the way towards the platform at the top. And it may have been that the terror-stricken tones of the young man's entreaties penetrated to her, for here suddenly she paused for the first time. She turned an instant to look back. In that instant she was lost.

They Worshipped Beneath the Apple Tree.*From Max Adeler's "The Quakeress." (Winston.)*

THE strong, true man and the tender, pure woman are Nature's perfect material for the fusion of soul and body in the wedlock which

the illumination of that Presence which had brought light and blessing to the spirits of their fathers.

A spiritual nature strengthened by spiritual exercise had given to the man the power of almost complete abstraction. When he



From "The Quakeress."

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FOR MANY MINUTES THE TWO SAT AND WORSHIPPED.

moves through eternity to closer and closer union.

This man and this woman were well-born in the high sense of that phrase. Behind them were two centuries of clean physical living and spiritual victory. Both had a precious heritage of impulse to lofty things given by a long line of ancestors who were steadfast to righteousness. The true Quaker prepares the ruddy cheek and the pure soul for his children's great grandchildren, and the forefathers of these two had been faithful.

Thus in the glory of the summer morning these heirs of the conquerors together sought

closed his eyes as he sat with Abby beneath the tree the natural world was gone. There was in his soul, it is true, a subtle sense of the woman's presence, but he was not conscious of it; and if he had perceived it he would have felt that it was a part of that exalted spirituality into which he had entered. He worshipped, but the object of his worship was Divine Love, and what was the sentiment with which he regarded Abby but an emanation of that Love? This he had said to himself more than once. He did not say it now or think it. Simply he flung open the door of his soul and sought to have the Divine

Inflowing; to meet God there in that hidden chamber and to have the secret place made holy by communion with the Most High.

And so Nature vanished from his sight and all its sounds were hushed, all its loveliness was hidden, while he was lifted up to fellowship with Him whose love has made all things beautiful.

But for Abby there was a less exclusive sense of the Spiritual Presence. Through her shut eyelids she could not help seeing the glow of the sunshine. She heard the note of the robins that ran upon the grass, the soft quaver of the cuckoo in the neighboring tree, the twitter of the sparrows that rustled about in the leafy plant that climbed upon and covered the wall of the house. She was enveloped by the perfume of the clustered roses and the lilacs and she felt the gentle air that breathed upon her cheek.

These were influences that affected her soul, and, besides, she heard faintly from the window of the distant church the deep droning of the diapason and the strain of the higher music that seemed like the humming of melodious bees; and all these things combined to help her to spiritual exaltation.

It was in the very fibre of her nature to find in the visible things that tell of a Divine Maker the evidence of His presence with her; and perhaps the Spirit does speak to some souls more distinctly through these things, even while He has His own secret contact

with the inner nature. To Abby the faint, sweet strain of distant music was like an audible fragrance of flowers.

But, alas for George! his presence gave no fervor to the flame of her devotion.

Married—Not Mated.

From Driver's "Purple Peaks Remote." (Laird & Lee.)

"BUT do you think it wise, dear fellow," I said, 'to rush into marriage with a young lady whose honor is questioned by so many excellent people?'

"But I have given her my promise, Percival, and to violate one's vow, and especially to one's sweetheart, almost—wife—nothing could be more despicable than that!"

"Pardon me, Andrew, but you are quite mistaken. Better break a thousand pre-nuptial vows than to subsequently deplore that you had vowed so unwisely. Happier the young woman, and infinitely to be envied, who is deserted, even at the nuptial altar, than the one who is neglected, and maltreated, and possibly forsaken after the bridal hymn has been sung and the great organ has thundered out its gladdest wedding march. Better break with Esther now than to so mourn and droop, or become bitter and unrelenting, after your marriage, that Esther will wish that she had never known you.

Men as noble and self-sacrificing and heroic as either of us have abandoned their wives at last; they would better have abandoned them before they espoused them. Forgive me, Andrew, for putting it strongly; but if you have one doubt of your own love for Esther, or if you have a single doubt of Esther's integrity, then honor sternly forbids you taking another step. I must say all that is in my heart. To go on, under such conditions as I have described is, in the highest and deepest sense, profoundly dishonorable."

"Maybe you are right, Percival," Andrew said wearily as he gazed out on Dearborn Street.

"More than that, Andrew," I said, improving my opportunity, 'think how distant from each other are the orbits in which you and Esther move. You are scholarly; she is comparatively illiterate. You are city bred; she is country bred. You are of Boston and New York social circles; she is noisy and obstreperous. Your recreations are in art and rare books; her's the wild drive, the cake-walk dance, and the rowdy escapade. You are sensitive of your reputation; she is daring, and headstrong, and reckless. In the long, long days,



From "Purple Peaks Remote." Copyright, 1905, by William H. Lee. (Laird & Lee.)

"WHY, PERCIVAL, IT IS HENRY BROOKS."



From "Return."

Copyright 1905, by L. C. Page & Co.

"AND WHO AM I TO THANK . . . FOR THE RETURN OF MY LOCKET?"

and the dark, dark nights of the many, many years before you, where will you find a common ground for interesting, consoling and untiring companionship?"

"Nor is that all, Andrew. You are studious; she is unstudious. Hence you will soar higher and higher in intellectual pursuits and acquisitions, while she will sink to yet lower and lower levels. Think how lonely you will be—both of you! At last the rosy garland of matrimony will become an iron chain, rusty, and clanking, and exasperating, of a horrible bondage—than which there is none quite so terrible."

The Miniature Comes to Life.

From McGowan and Cooke's "Return." (Page.)

ONE day, as Diana and Lit were sitting under the live-oaks on the lawn, watching Little Return, now nearly two years old, as he strove to toss up and catch a monster orange which his great-uncle had brought him, Diana cried out so suddenly and sharply that Lit ran to the child, thinking some harm had befallen him.

"No, no! Leave him alone! Look at him—the picture, Lit, the picture!" the mother cried.

Lit drew back and regarded the child for a moment; then some position which his baby hands took upon the great yellow ball between them, some turn of the small, capped head above, touched a chord of remembrance, and she laughed out. "Surely, surely," Lit agreed, coming back to her seat on the grass

at Diana's feet, "'tis like enough for a picture of his very self instead of—"

Diana's musing voice broke in upon her speech, "It is most strange and wonderful to me," she said, "that I should have been so moved by a picture that is the very portrait of this, my child, and thought I had a memory of such a face, when I did look upon it. Can memory really work backward, think you, Lit? Was it a prophecy instead?"

Lit laughed, and looked up at her fondly. "Is't possible," she asked, "that with all my gabble—and I talk continually when I am with you, Mistress Marshall; the Lord knows my Indian blood does not show there—is't possible that I never told ye how that miniature was Lieutenant Marshall's? 'Tis strange you should never have seen it amongst his belongings."

Diana went to the boy, caught him up, and scanned every feature. "If I had needed a proof," she said, at last, softly, "that my marriage to Robert was ordained my Heaven, I have it here. I have never thought about that little picture without a strange tugging at my heart-strings. And so, 'twas Robert's face. His mother looked upon it and loved it, even as I thee, heart's treasure," and she covered Return's cheeks with kisses.

Robert's papers and private belongings, left behind and sent to Chaters House, had never been opened. To do so, and assort them, would have been to confess that their owner would never return to perform the task. But Diana now commissioned Lit to look among them for the miniature, and

when it was found and displayed upon the mantel-board in the parlor, it was a frequent subject of jest that many guests took it for the portrait of Return, and asked why so quaint a costume had been chosen for it.

Guess How I Felt!

From Lloyd Osbourne's "The Motormaniacs."
(Bobb's-Merrill.)

WHEN I had been running the machine for about a week and doing splendidly with it, Captain Cartwright turned up from Washington. I suppose I wasn't so pleased as I ought to have been to see him, for though we were engaged and all that, there were wheels within wheels and—you know how silly girls are and what fool things they do, and Gerard Malcolm—and the captain, to make matters worse, talked a whole streak about good form, and how in England they always walked their automobiles, and how hateful anything like speeding (and going to jail) was to a real English lady, and "Oh, my dear, would the Queen do it?" Can't you hear him? It goaded me into saying awful things back, and when I took him out for his first spin, as grumpy as only an Englishman can be after you've insulted him from his hat to his boots, I just opened the throttle, threw in the high clutch, and let her go. There were some things I liked about the captain, and the best was that he didn't scare easy. He just folded his arms and never wiggled an eyelash while I took some of the grades like the Empire State Express.

"I had given him about eighteen miles of this sort of thing when the right-hand cylinder began to miss a little. Then, after a while, the left started to skip, too. I stopped under a tree to look for the trouble and pulled up the bonnet. The spark-plugs were badly carbonized, and when I had seen to them and had put the captain on the crank, we could only get explosions at intervals. There was good compression; everything was lubricating nicely; no heating or sticking anywhere—but the engine had lain down on us. The captain was so angry he wouldn't speak a word to me, and mumbled red-hot things to himself under his breath. Guess how I felt. But he was too much of a gentleman not to crank—and so he cranked and cranked and still nothing happened. I chased a whole row of things one after another—battery, buzzer, oil or gasoline in the cylinders, defective insulation, commutator, water in the carburettor, choked feed-pipe—and all it did was to cough in a dreary, tow-me-home-to-mother sort of way.

"If the captain had known anything about engines and could have made it start, I expect I would have married him and lived happy ever afterward. It was just his Heavensent chance to win out and show he was the right man for the place. But he didn't know enough to run a phonograph and began to talk about getting towed in, and how if he ever bought a machine it would be electric.

If I had been out of patience with him before, imagine what I felt then! He said he knew all the time I was driving too fast and hurting something, and thought he had proved it by the cylinders being hot—as though they aren't always hot. It was awful how stupid he was and helpless and disagreeable. He couldn't even crank properly and the engine back-fired on him and hurt his hand. Finally I got so desperate that I sat down and cried, while he nursed his hand and said we ought to desert the machine and go home, and that papa would be anxious if we didn't turn up to lunch. I knew all the time he was talking about *his* lunch. You don't know what an Englishman is if he isn't fed regularly, and it was now after one and we were eighteen miles from High Court.

"But I wasn't the girl to give up the ship."

Man and Woman.

From Oscar Wilde's "Epigrams." (Luce.)

THE mind of a thoroughly well-informed man is like a bric-a-brac shop, all monsters and dust and everything priced above its proper value.

The only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life.

Never trust a woman who wears mauve or a woman over thirty-five who is fond of pink ribbons. It means they have a history.

We live in an age that reads too much to be wise and thinks too much to be beautiful.

Tea is the only simple pleasure left to us.

To get into the best society nowadays, one has either to feed people, amuse people, or shock people.

More marriages are ruined nowadays by the common sense of the husband than by anything else. How can a woman be expected to be happy with a man who insists on treating her as if she were a perfectly rational being.

It is absurd to say that there are neither ruins nor curiosities in America when they have their mothers and their manners.

There is no such thing as romance in our day, women have become too brilliant; nothing spoils a romance so much as a sense of humor in a woman.

Women have always been picturesque protests against the mere existence of common sense.

Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment when one is longing to be absolutely deaf.

No woman, plain or pretty, has any common sense at all. Common sense is the privilege of our sex and we men are so self-sacrificing that we never use it.

It is absurd to have a hard and fast rule about what one should read and what one shouldn't. More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read.

All women become like their mothers—that is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.

Lord Monte Learns to Run an Automobile.*From the Williamsons' "The Princess Passes."
(Holt.)*

I MANAGED to mutter something as I moved the lever, and touched the clutch-pedal with a caress timid as a falling snowflake. Almost

have filled my goggles. We waltzed, we wavered, we shied, until we outdid the Seine in the windings of its channel.

I fully expected that Winston would pluck me like a noxious weed from the driver's seat where I had taken root, and snatch the helm



From "The Princess Passes."

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VOILÀ, MONSIEUR.

apologetically, I slid the lever into position, and let in the clutch. Somehow, I had not expected it to answer so soon; but, as if it disliked being patted by a stranger, the dragon took the bit between its teeth and bolted. I hung on and did things more by instinct than by skill, for the beast was hideously lithe and strong, a thousand times stronger and wilder than I had dreamed.

Every faculty of body and brain was concentrated on first keeping the monster out of the ditch on the off side, then the ditch on the near. My eyes expanded until they must

himself; but strange to relate, I remained unmolested. Jack confined his interference to an occasional "Whoa," or "Steady, old boy;" while in the tonneau so profound a silence reigned that, if I had had time to think of anything, I should have supposed Molly to be swooning.

"Why don't you curse me, and put me out of my misery?" I gasped, when I had by a miracle avoided a tree as large as a house, which I had seen deliberately step out of its proper place to get in my way.

"Curse you, my dear fellow? You're do-

ing splendidly," said Jack. "You deserve praise, not blows. I did a lot worse when I began."

Thus encouraged, I gained confidence in myself and the machine. Almost at once, I was conscious of improvement in mastering the touch of the wheel. Soon, I was imitating a straight line with fair success, subject to a few graceful deviations. I realized that, after all, we were not going very fast, though my sensation at starting had been that of hanging on to a streak of greased lightning.

I began to sigh for more worlds to conquer, and when Jack reminded me that we were on the first speed, I pronounced myself equal to an experiment with the second. He made me practice taking one hand from the wheel, looking about me a little, and trying to keep the car straight by feeling rather than sight. When I had accomplished these feats, and had not brought the car to grief (even though we passed several vehicles, and I was drawn by a demoniac influence to swerve towards each one as if it had been the loadstone to my magnet, or the candle to my moth), Jack finally consented to grant my request. He told me clearly what to do, and I did it, or some inward servant of myself did, whenever the master was within an ace of losing his head. I pressed down the clutch-pedal, pulled the lever affectionately towards me, and very gradually opened the throttle, so as not to startle it. In spite of my caution, however, I thought for an instant we were really going to get on the other side of the horizon, which had been avoiding us for so long. We shot ahead alarmingly, but to my intense relief, as well as surprise, I found that Jack had not exaggerated. It was easier to steer on the second speed than on the first. I had merely to tickle the wheel with my finger, to send us gliding, swanlike, this way or that. To be sure, I did well-nigh run over a chicken, but I would be prepared to argue with it till it was black in the face that the proper place for its blood would be on its own silly head, not mine.

Elated by my triumphs, I scarcely listened further to Jack's directions; how, if I thought there was danger, all I had to do was to unclutch, and put on the brake, whereupon the car would stop as if by magic, as it had for Molly in the Fulham Road; how I must not forget that the foot brakes had a way of obeying fiercely, and must not be applied with violence; how I must remember to pull the brake lever by my hand, towards me if I wanted to stop; how it acted on expanding rings on the inside faces of drums, which were on the back wheels (I pitied those poor, concealed faces, for the description was neuralgic, somehow), and I could lock them at almost any speed.

"I want to get on the third, and then'll I try the fourth, thank you," I interpolated impatiently. "More—more! Faster, faster! Whew, this knocks spots out of the Ice Run!"

"Let him have his way, Jack," cried Molly, speaking for the first time. "Hurrah, the motor microbe is in his blood, and never, never will he get it out again."

"Full speed ahead, then!" said Jack.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes."

From Baroness von Hutten's "Pam." (Dodd, Mead.)

"I DON'T believe in marriage."

"By Jove! Not believe in marriage? May I ask why not?"

Pam did not answer for a moment, and he went on. "You believe in love, I know, for I remember a wiggling you gave me about Arcadia."

"Yes. I do believe in love—of course I do. If you knew my father and mother, Mr. Peele, you would not have had to ask me that."

"Well, then, why not in marriage?"

"Because marriage seems to me to be so hampered and narrowed by a thousand humdrum cares and superstitions; because married people squabble, or get over being in love; because the very fact that one has sworn to keep on feeling a certain way is bound to make one change. Imagine vowing in church to hate and loathe your bitterest enemy all the rest of your life, and then trying to do it! It stands to reason that you'd begin to like him before you had got out of the church-door!"

Peele was silent for a few seconds. Her words expressed his own feelings with a clearness he had never dared to use, and his thoughts had flown as the crow flies to the Lady Henrietta and his own future.

"I think," the girl went on, her hands, full of flowers, clasping her knees, her eyes half closed with intentness, "that people who love each other *need* no promises."

"You are not the first, my dear, to advance that theory, but it won't hold water. Laws have to exist, you see. If there were no marriage there could be no social order. The minute two people got tired of each other, off they'd go, each *would* have his or her own way, and—the children in the nursery, what would become of them?"

"It seems to me that people do about that when they *are* married. If Lady Lloyd-Venn hadn't been chained down to Sir Dick she would never for a moment have dreamed of falling in love with that nasty Captain Benthink! Every one knows that a bird in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand!"

Peele burst out laughing. "Out of the mouths of babes!" But what about the one of the pair who might happen to be satisfied with his bargain?"

"Like poor Mrs. Kennedy. Well, she is perfectly happy now; much happier than if mother had not had the courage to just go off with father. Think how wretched Mrs. Kennedy would have been if he had stayed with her by force, and loathed her as he would have, after knowing mother."

Peele had not thought of this case, and felt a slight discomfort as she enlarged on it. "Your father's and mother's case is most exceptional," he said, rising. "It is the only one of which I have ever heard that has not turned out badly for every one concerned."

"Well, if I ever fall in love with any one, you'll hear of another case, for I'm never going to make any idiotic promises."

"You must feel yourself to be singularly inconstant, then!"

"I'm not," she flashed back angrily. "But how can I tell how I'll feel in ten years? Just wait, Mr. Peele, you and I. You are going to make a splendid *marriage de convenance*, and I shall never marry at all. Let's see which of us turns out the happiest."

"And if," he hesitated, "you should have children? Don't you see?" It seemed to him unutterably pathetic the way, as he put his question, she opened her eyes in surprise.

"Well, didn't they—father and mother—have me?"

Slaying the Dragon.

From Chandler and Montgomery's "Told in the Gardens of Araby." (Eaton & Mains.)

ALL that night the princess was not permitted to sleep, but worked as hard as she could, serving the cooks. When morning came she stole away, went into the other part of the palace, and climbed the stairs. There, in a room by herself, she saw a sultana who was dressed from head to foot in black. Without letting herself be seen, the young explorer went to another room, in which was seated another princess. This one, likewise, was dressed in black, and all the room was draped in mourning. Leaving this, she went to still another room, in which a sultana, who was arrayed from head to foot in scarlet, was seated upon a divan. The princess went on, noiselessly, until she came to the chamber of the king. The court physician had administered a powder to him, and the king lay unconscious.

During all this, more time had elapsed than the princess dreamed. It was now evening, and time for the coming of the dragon. She knew, by savory odors, that the feast which she had helped to prepare was spread in the banquet hall. It seemed to her that a time had come when she should apply for aid. Her heart was trembling with hope and fear; but she took the hairs from her bosom, rubbed them together, when—O, joy, the beautiful horse stood before her once more.

"My princess, art thou in need of me?" he asked. "And what is it that thou requirest?"

"If it be in your power, my noble deliverer, give me a sword so sharp and strong that should I strike an enormous dragon with it, he must be severed in two."

Without moving from the spot, the horse turned his head and the princess saw a sword among his caparisons. "Take it, my sultana!" he answered. "Use it well. And remember that you must not strike a second blow, in the same place." With this warning he disappeared.

The princess grasped the sword. Going directly to the king's chamber, she hid herself in a corner.

The palace was deserted. It seemed strange that the people should leave their beloved king to his fate; but this was in the agreement by which the whole country had been spared. In the middle of the night a great noise burst forth through all the sky. The moon and stars became obscured. Everything was black at pitch. Immediately afterward, with loud snorts, an immense dragon appeared in the middle of the room.

Scarcely had he appeared when the young princess seized the sword with both hands and crying "Yellah!" struck him such a blow that his head was severed from the body.

Then a terrible sound came from the body of the dragon; and this sound was like a voice, which formed itself into these words: "O, valiant youth! Let me know, by striking again, whether you are, indeed, a boy."

But the princess remembered the warning of the horse and remained standing perfectly still, until the soul of the dragon had left his body and gone to Hades, its rightful place. She then cut off one of his ears, put it in her pocket, and, hiding the sword in her clothing, returned to the kitchen and renewed her tasks, running up and down stairs according to the directions of the cooks.

Mad Riding.

From Chamberlain's "Mrs. Essington." (Century Co.)

THAIR had an open course—two miles of sandy turf—to catch Julia in. She had ridden down near the sea, and, following the pack, now zigzagged up hill. He, hugging the line of the dunes, cut off a corner, and so caught up with her. Hearing him coming, she spurred harder; but he drew up inch by inch, until, his roan abreast her black, they rushed into the face of the wind together.

Hounds in front and hunters behind were forgotten; between the cypresses crowding down from the hills, and the oblivion of fog beating in from sea, they sped, wild with the elation of flight, unmindful of beginning, oblivious of end.

Fog was already streaming among the fantastic trees of the Point of Pines, cutting them off in front; but Julia held an unswerving course until the damp breath blew on her hot cheeks, and moisture stood in pearls in her hair.

The point went back from the sea in a low ridge, running up into a straggling grove of cypress. Its backbone of round, tumbling stones was cruel footing for horses. The pack made nothing of it, slipping over like snakes. Julia was for following, but Longacre turned a sharp flank movement that had the black headed off, flying up the point for the trees, the pack yelping a parallel course on the left of the ridge.

Julia brought her whip down savagely on the black's flank as she passed him. Longacre took an in-breath as they swept under the trees. The sun through the fine, blowing mist made a dazzle for the eyes.

Over a ground broken and spotted with black stumps the girl guided her horse with admirable skill, Longacre saving his neck by luck. Their pace perforce was slower, dodging the trees that sprang on them out of the mist like specters.

Then, with a hallo, a crashing rush, Thair broke through the scrub on their left. Old rider that he was, he knew the short cuts of every course. He shouted, and they swerved toward him.

"Where do you think you're going?" he panted.

"After the hounds!" cried Julia.

"The wild juggernaut couldn't finish this run!" he protested.

"Nonsense!" The girl wheeled her horse. "We'll be out of the mist when we get away from the point."

"That you won't. It's coming in from the land, too. It'll be thick in five minutes, and we'll snag, or break our precious necks on these dwarf-cypresses!"

"We'll be out in half a minute!" Julia said, shook out her reins, and was off.

Priest and Ex-Priest Meet Again.

From Thurston's "The Apple of Eden." (Dodd, Mead.)

"You don't think I've changed?"

"Not in appearance."

"Ah, appearances aren't everything."

"Except when you want to sell a picture."

"Oh, is that the way?"

Holland looked up from the plate.

"What do you think people buy pictures for?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. The copy of Rubens that we have in the chapel at Rathmore always seems very inspiring to me. That's about the only good picture I've seen."

"But I'm not talking about masters. People paint now-a-days to get something to eat. The picture you least like to paint the dealers want four copies of. So you paint these four, and when you receive the money for them you begin to get over the feeling of wishing you were dead."

"But what sort of picture do they want? And why should you wish that you were dead?"

Accepting the hospitality of his friend he felt called upon to inquire about these things, though they did not really interest him.

"The sort of picture they want is the beautiful girl in the beautiful pose, with a beautiful background of passion-flowers. Why you wish you were dead, is because there's not a daub of life in her from the chaplet round her head to the sandals on her feet. And when you see four copies of her standing round on the floor you feel as if she were trying to throttle you."

Father Michael listened intently to all that his friend was saying, and when Holland looked up to find his gray, serious eyes taking it all in such a vein he could not help laughing.

"Oh, but that's not the only side to the business," he added with sudden earnestness. "There is another side."

He rose impulsively from the table and crossed to the easel. The picture standing on its rest was covered with a thin, green baize cloth.

"There is this side," he lifted up the material and stood aside, so that the priest could the more plainly and to advantage see the picture which he had unveiled.

Without doubt there was the touch of genius in its conception and execution. Just the light, passing touch of genius, which is more to be appreciated in its promise of greater things than in its immediate presence.

It was the portrait of a girl. She was by no means beautiful, not even pretty. A mass of brown hair coiled untidily, but with naturally graceful curves about her head. In her eyes lay an expression that seemed to take in all her surroundings, whatever they might be. Father Michael felt that they included him, but him alone. Her mouth, neither large nor small, looked warm with the moving life that she all but possessed, and her shoulders and breast, though undraped, were toned down by heavy shadows into a mere suggestion of their outline.

"I've called it 'The Inevitable,'" said Maurice, simply.

Father Michael found his eyes clinging to it, yet all his inborn idea of things—his repugnance to those obvious facts of which too suddenly he had realized that this was one—made him wish not to see it any longer.

"I suppose it's very good," he said awkwardly, and he felt that the blood was rising in his cheeks. "But I never look at that sort of picture. I must confess I don't see any necessity for it."

Disowned Among the Trianons.

From Wayne's "A Prince to Order." (Lane.)

THEY strolled along the winding paths, dallied on the shore of the funny little artificial lake, and rested for a while in the "Temple de l'Amour." The number of visitors, however, was to both of them a disturbing influence. They would have liked the place to themselves, but they were at every turn running into couples and parties whose presence, as Grey put it, "spoiled the picture."

They had just emerged from that group of homely, quaint cottages in a far corner of the garden where the fair ladies of Louis's Court were wont to play at peasant life, when the rippling laughter of women and the more hearty if less musical merriment of men broke jarringly upon their hearing.

"Can't we have some milk at the *vacherie suisse*?" Grey heard a woman's voice ask in the English of the well-bred.

And then a man rejoined:

"Milk! What for? There's still an unopened case of champagne in the coach."

Again the laughter echoed, but nearer. The little company were coming towards them, hidden by the shrubbery. A second later and they came into view—a tall, large woman with brilliant auburn hair, in gown and hat of pale lavender; a middle-aged man, red-faced and well-groomed; a dainty little dark woman, all in red, with a tall, dark man in grey, and then—Grey went white as the whitest cloud overhead, for Hope Van Tuyl was approaching, and with her was the young man from the Embassy whom he had seen yesterday at the hotel. And there was Frothingham, too, whom he had not recognized at first glance; and it was Nicholas Van Tuyl, he saw now, who was with the red-haired woman in the lead.

For a second he halted, undecided, a powerful impulse urging him to speak to the woman he loved, at all hazards. His lips were framing words, his eyes were beaming, his hand was half way to his hat, before his judgment

came to the rescue—and held him; told him that it would be folly, that now as never before it was his duty to maintain his disguise and thereby eventually establish his innocence. His eyes cooled, his teeth closed on his embryo utterance, his hand dropped to his side.

"Carey Grey!"

Hope's voice rang out suddenly above the babble of the party. She had seen him and recognized him. The others had passed on. Only she and Edson were there beside him. With an effort that cost him the most poignant torture he ever suffered he turned to Minna, murmuring words that had no meaning and walked heedlessly by.

Edson caught Miss Van Tuyl's trembling arm.

"Sh!" he warned, a little excitedly; "you've made a mistake. That isn't Grey."

"But"—and the color came and went in her face and she breathed quickly—"but I know it is. I know him, I'm sure; oh, quite, quite sure. I cannot be mistaken. His hair is changed; yes, and he has a beard, but his eyes—I should always know his eyes; and"—as she stood gazing after him—"his shoulders. There isn't another man in the world who has shoulders just like Carey Grey's."

"No other man, possibly," added Edson, "except the Crown Prince of Budavia."

The Return of Ethan Allen.

From Peck's "*Hester of the Grants*." (Fox, Duffield & Co.)

BEFORE long the stillness was rudely broken by the sound of running feet, and down the hill toward the Tavern came David Fay, panting and excited. Reaching the startled group he swung his hat, and shouted loudly, without checking his course down the street.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Ethan Allen is coming! Ethan Allen is coming!" he cried.

Stephen Fay sprang to his feet, as did the others. Rushing into the road, he shaded his eyes with his hand and stared up the blossoming archway, down which three horsemen were riding, their horses covered with dust, as from a long journey. There was no mistaking Ethan Allen, even in that dim light. Before the horsemen had time to draw rein beneath the Catamount men could be seen running toward the Tavern from every direction. Hatless, some of them coatless, they crowded up the road rending the Sabbath quiet with their shouts of delight.

"Ethan Allen! Ethan Allen! Welcome to old Bennington! God bless you, Ethan, old boy, just me shake your hand! The Yorkers haven't swallowed us yet, thanks to you, Ethan!"

They pressed close to his horse's side, joy in every face.

The man they cheered sat silent for a moment, hardly answering their shouts. Perhaps the sweet reality of the home-coming shook even his strong spirit. From the roof of the Catamount Tavern the breeze caught and tossed into rippling beauty the Flag of the Old Thirteen! The slender circle of stars shone white as mist in the twilight, the

silver and crimson bars fluttered softly as with life. The man who had been a captive for nearly three long years stared up at it with trembling lips, his dark head bare.

"God's blessing on it, men!" he cried in a husky voice. "When first I saw it there at Valley Forge I knew why men loved Freedom, for that was Freedom's self! May the day never dawn when that Flag shall be lowered to a foe, be they cursed British or—"

He broke off suddenly and turned to greet the men who gathered about him.

By now the street was thronged with hurrying townsfolk, both men and women; each one eager to grasp his hand, to look into his face. With a friendly gesture he introduced his fellow-travellers as comrades in his captivity, come home with him to "the Grants" to learn "what manner of men they were who had conquered Lord Burgoyne."

Then, dismounting, he walked up the path to the Tavern. At the threshold he turned and looked back at the familiar scene; the darkening street, the friendly faces.

"Boys," he cried, "to think I'm back again in old Bennington! There's not a spot on earth like this land which the Lord our God hath given us to possess!"

The news of his return ran like flame from end to end of the little town, till joy sought some stronger form of utterance. Some of the younger men urged that cannon should be fired, and though at first their elders hesitated on the ground of disturbing the Sunday quiet, all scruples vanished in the flood of wild rejoicing. Dr. Fay and a dozen of his townsmen ran swiftly up the hill to the storehouses. The old six-pounder brought from Fort Hoosick in '72 to be used against Governor Tryon, spoke right royally now, the echoes answering all along the valley. The rude invasion of the Sabbath evening reached the ears of Parson Dewey, where he sat in an upper chamber, and brought him to his feet, exclaiming that "nothing less than the arrival of the bold infidel" could have occasioned this disturbance; and forthwith he sallied forth to seek him and those "men of Belial" who celebrated his return in the old Tavern.

By dawn Bennington was overflowing with friends and neighbors come to greet their hero. Herrick's Rangers marched in review, toasts were drunk in the Council-room, and the ancient cannon thundered forth a salute of fourteen guns—thirteen for the New Republic, and one for young Vermont! What wonder that they loved him, those "turbulent sons of freedom," the man who had so often risked his life in their common cause, wrestling their hard-won lands from the hand of the despoiler, fighting tooth and nail for the rights that were justly theirs! What wonder that they shouted forth his name, linking it with that of the State he loved, till the air shook with the words: "Vermont and Ethan Allen! Vermont and Ethan Allen!"

Late that afternoon, when the tumult had subsided, Stephen Fay called Hester into the garden. . . . "The God in whom he trusted brought him back in safety. The 'gods of the hills' whose aid he invoked have saved him from his enemies. Well may Vermont rejoice. Ethan Allen is come to his own again!"

Barbotte (Bull-pout).

From William Henry Drummond's "The Voyageur."
(Putnam.)

DERE's some lak dory, an' some lak bass,
An' plaintee dey mus' have trout—
An' w'ite feesh too, dere 's quite a few
Not satisfy do widout—
Very fon' of sucker some folk is, too,
But for me you can go an' cut
De w'ole of dem t'roo w'at you call menu,
So long as I get barbotte—
Hol Hol for me it's de nice barbotte.

No fuss to ketch heem—no row at all,
De same as you have wit' bass—
Never can tell if you hook heem well,
An' mebbe he's gone at las'!
An' trout, wall! any wan 's ketchin' trout
Dey got to be purty smart—
But leetle bull-pout, don't have to look out,
For dem feller got no heart—
Good t'ing, dey ain't got no heart.

Pleasan' to lissen upon de spring
De leetle bird sing hees song,
W'ile you watch de line an' look out for sign
Of mooshtrat swimmin' along;
Den tak' it easy an' smoke de pipe,
An' w'ere is de man has got
More fun dan you on de ole canoe
W'en dey 're bitin', de nice barbotte—
De nice leetle fat barbotte.

Den tak' heem off home wit' a dozen more
An' skin heem so quick you can,
Fry heem wit' lard, an' you 'll fin' it hard
To say if dere 's on de pan
Such feesh as dat on de worl' before
Since Adam, you know, is shut
Out of de gate w'en he 's comin' home late,
As de nice leetle fat barbotte—
Dat 's true, de nice leetle sweet barbotte.

Among the Northern Lights.

From Beach's "Pardners." (McClure, Phillips.)

"THEN I heard Metla calling softly from below:

"'Jump!' she said. 'Big one, jump.'

"She had loosed a canoe at the landing and now held it in the boiling current underneath, paddling desperately.

"As they ran out of the tents with their rifles I leaped.

"A long drop and cold water, but I hit feet first. When I rose the little girl was alongside.

"It's a ticklish thing to crawl over the stern of a canoe in the spatter of slugs, with the roar of muzzleloaders above. It's shakin' to the nerves, but the maid never flinched, not even when a bullet split the gunnel. She ripped a piece of her dress and plugged a hole under the water line while I paddled out of range.

"The next winter at Holy Cross she ran to me shaking one day.

"He is here! He is here! Oh, Big man, I am afraid!

"'Who's here?' says I.

"He is here—Father Orloff,' and her eyes were round and scared so that I took her up and kissed her while she clung to me—she was such a little girl.

"He spoke to me at the water-hole, 'I have come for you.' I ran very fast, but he came behind. 'Where is George?'" he said.

"I went out of the cabin down to the Mission, and into the house of Father Barnum. He was there.

"Orloff! What do ye want?" I says.

"Father Barnum speaks up—he's known for a good man the length of the river. George,' says he, 'Father Orloff tells me you stole the girl Metla from her tribe. 'Tis a shameful thing for a white to take a red girl for his wife, but it's a crime to live as you do.'

"'What?' says I.

"'We can't sell you provisions nor allow you to stay in the village.'

"Orloff grins. 'You must go on,' he says, 'or give her up.'

"'No! I'll do neither.' And I shows the paper from the missionary at Nulato statin' that we were married. 'She's my wife,' says I, 'and too good for me. She's left her people and her gods, and I'll care for her.' I saw how it hurt Orloff, and I laid my hand on his shoulder close to the neck. 'I distrust ye, and sure as Fate ye'll die the shocking death if ever harm comes to the little one.'

Cupid's Darts Strike Literature.

From Kennedy's "The Lodestar." (Macmillan.)

"HONESTLY, I didn't know anything about that book; I never read these current novels," added Stuffy Smith somewhat superfluously, since no one for an instant suspected him of reading anything at all.

"Oh, that's all right; I'm sure you didn't know about it," said the girl, a little more graciously, this concession arising from a sincere belief in his truthfulness.

"You mean I'm not a reading man," he said. "Well, maybe I'm not," he confessed a little morosely. "I admit I've got no taste that way—I read a fearful lot of stuff in college, but most of it bored me stiff. I thought Pius Æneas was a whimpering prig, and Odysseus was just a crazy hobo, and I don't see how they came to make a hobo the hero of a fairy story, anyway."

"I never thought of it exactly that way," said Miss Rawlins, with some interest.

"I took a course in Tennyson and Brown-ing, too," the young man went on. "I didn't pretend to care anything about poetry, but I knew that the feller who gave the lectures had neuralgic headaches and used to cut recitations about half the time, and while I was there all the stuff went filtering through my head and some of it had to stick."

"Really?" said the girl, with amusement.

"And I went to three or four kinds of history. When I graduated I knew quite a lot about Cleopatra and Charlemagne and Aaron Burr and the Duke of Wellington and Boadicea and all that crowd. But you don't hear any one around town talking up any of 'em, so I gradually forgot what they all did."

"How unfortunate!" was Miss Rawlins's comment.

"Yes. After I got out of college, I intended to keep up my reading—I give you my word I did," said the young man, mournfully; "but I couldn't seem to get interested in anything. I tried to read a book called 'The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' and the first volume almost killed me.

"It doesn't sound quite your style," said the girl, kindly.

"Say," he proposed earnestly, "you've read a lot of things, and you know all the books a feller like me ought to read. Now, if you'll make out a list, I'll promise you to get 'em and read 'em. Only please leave out 'The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology.' Yes, I'll promise you to get 'em and read 'em." He looked at the girl with uneasy anxiety.

"Oh, I couldn't think of assuming such a responsibility," said Miss Rawlins, hastily. She fancied Stuffy struggling desperately through Boswell's Life or painfully perusing Walter Pater. Yet surely it was a brave offer he was making. "But I congratulate you on your ambition," she added with a smile.

A shadow came over the blond features of her stocky companion.

"Oh, I haven't any ambition in that way," he protested. "Not a bit. But I'd just do it, though, if you'd like me to," he announced meaningly.

"Don't be foolish," Alice replied with decision.

Treason Against the Ruler.

From Marchmont's "A Courier of Fortune."
(Stokes.)

At this moment a servant approached Gabrielle with a request that she would go at once to the Duchess. She had been taken ill suddenly and had asked urgently for Gabrielle.

"I will come soon."

"You need not hesitate on account of me," said Gerard, with a smile.

"These soldiers here," replied Gabrielle in a tone of alarm, as she pointed to a number of men who showed in the doorways. "See. I fear danger."

"Tis the hour for the change of guard, Gabrielle," said de Proballe.

"I will not go yet," she declared firmly.

"You cannot stay here, mademoiselle," interposed the Governor bluntly.

"I will report to you all that passes, Gabrielle," said de Proballe.

"I will not go," she repeated.

"I think you had better," urged Gerard.

"It must be as you will," said de Proballe, when she shook her head resolutely. "Now that the men are here they will see that no violence is done. Our Gerard is so hasty, such a fire-eater, that he might be tempted to some fresh rashness which would be fatal to all settlement. Wait," he said as if struck with a sudden thought. "It will serve the same purpose if you will give me your sword, Gerard."

"That I will never do," was the quick, indignant response.

"To me then, monsieur," said the Governor, stepping forward.

"To no man, my lord."

"Then it must be taken from you," and the Governor signed to the soldiers.

In a moment Gerard's blade was out.

"Do you realize what you are doing, and where you are?" cried de Proballe. "Drawing upon the Governor of Morvaix?"

"Who dares to lay a hand on me may look

to himself. I see your plan, monsieur," said Gerard to de Proballe, with a bitter smile.

"Disarm him," commanded the Governor, his eyes flashing. "This is treason against the constituted ruler, monsieur."

"Gerard, Gerard!" cried Gabrielle in dire alarm.

"Come, Gabrielle, you must not interfere in this," and de Proballe seized her hand and drew her aside.

Gerard sprang forward to interfere, but the soldiers interposed and prevented him.

"Cut him down if he resists," was the Governor's command, implacably given.

For some moments the fierce, unequal combat raged, and two of the soldiers being wounded, the others fell back for a moment.

"My lord, stop this fighting," cried Gabrielle, struggling to free herself from de Proballe's grasp.

At her voice Gerard turned and made as if to go to her, but the soldiers, seeing that his eyes were turned from them, chose the moment to rush in again and one of them sprang upon him from behind. Thus hampered he was soon overpowered by the number who attacked him, his sword was wrenched from his grasp, and he was led away a prisoner.

The Bishop Scorches Through Crowland.

From Morley Roberts' "Lady Penelope." (Page.)

"ARE we going a hundred miles an hour?" asked the bishop.

"Rot!" said Bob, "we're only doing about thirty."

They scorched through quiet Crowland.

"Please put me down," implored the humble bishop.

"I can't stop," said Bob. "I'm afraid he's getting ahead. Sit tight, bishop, I'm going faster now."

"You mustn't, you can't," said the bishop.

Bob stooped for an answer and turned on the fourth speed. The bishop felt the machine sailing underneath him. He fell back and lost all ordinary consciousness.

"It is true," said his mind deep inside him; "it is true that all things are illusion! I have sometimes suspected it. We are a mode of motion; we are affections of the ether. I believe Professor Osborne Reynolds is right. I am a kind of vortex spinning in piled grains of ether. Bob is a vortex. We are in a vortex. We are straws in ether; we are shadows. I have a real non-existent pain in my real imaginary non-existent stomach. I am not alive and I am not dead. I am brave; I am a coward; I am a bishop. This is very wonderful. I shall preach about it when I return to earth. Is that a hedge? Did I see a cow?—a strange, elongated, horned, lowing, permanent, impermanent possibility of sensation and milk in a field made of matter, which is energy, which is an illusion. I become calm; motion is relative. I almost enjoy it. I become a Hegelian. I see that being equals non-being; that pain becomes pleasure if you only have enough of it. I no longer pity those who suffer sufficiently. There is apparently too little pain in the universe. Torquemada did his best

to remedy it. Oh, was that a dog? I quite enjoy myself. I wonder if he can go faster. If he can, I wish he would. We are going slow, too slow!"

And, as Geordie's dust showed up much nearer, Bob put his car again at the third speed, and the bishop gasped.

"How do you like it?" asked Bob, as they spun through Spalding.

The bishop's face was a fine, glowing crimson; his bloodshot eyes glittered like opals; he was intoxicated with movement and with new lights on philosophy.

"L—, I should like to go a thousand miles an hour at night," said the bishop. "I think it is wonderful, Bob. Are you Bob, and I a bishop? Where is Spilsborough? Is there a Spilsborough?"

"Steady on!" said Bob. "I say, you're excited!"

"I am," replied the bishop. "I am excited; I feel peculiar. I think I can originate a new philosophy. Why are we doing this?"

"We are trying to find out where Penelope is," said Bob.

Japan Demands One's All.

From McCall's "The Breath of the Gods." (Little, Brown & Co.)

"A JAPANESE has no fidelity but to his Emperor!" thundered Onda.

"Be quiet, Tetsujo. Listen, Yuki, poor wavering little heart; I will try to make you understand. You cannot be allowed to marry this man, not because we wish to thwart you, but—"

"I said I would not marry him, now,—not now!"

"Then what will you do?" asked Haganë. "All are striving to their utmost. What will be your part? Do you intend to sit sullen and inactive here, at home?"

"The wench shall remain no longer under my roof!" raged Tetsujo.

"She will remain under your roof, good Tetsujo, and be treated with courtesy," corrected the prince.

"Let me go as a nurse! Oh, I could never stay with them! Their harsh eyes would flay me! I feel even now their hatred!"

"Not mine, my baby, my only child!" wailed Iriya. "Think not so of your mother's imperishable love!"

Yuki at last hid her face. The note of anguish in her mother's voice overcame her pathetic defiance.

"My official residence is cold and lonely," remarked Haganë, sipping slowly at some tea. "It sorely needs a mistress well acquainted with foreign etiquette. Foreigners are to be met and conciliated. The Emperor himself, and his shining spouse, would receive one who so served her land, and hear from her own lips impressions of America, and the sentiments of the people there toward us. A woman's intuition is keen, and penetrates farther than a man's weightier judgment,—just as the tendrils of a vine creep into lattices which a tree would only darken. It is in such a capacity, Yuki-ko, that you could do immediate good. My disorganized servants would again be set into grooves of

usefulness. Another reason, which must not be spoken openly, as yet,—I may soon be called to the front, and the several residences should not be closed."

"Lord! You would trust with such responsibilities a weak, untutored girl like me?"

"Yes, little one, I would trust you."

"And I would be in all respects—your—wife?" asked Yuki, in a very low tone.

"Yes. Why not? What is the human body but a petal drifting in the wind? If, for a moment, the bright tint or the fleeting perfume please, is it not best to grasp the trivial pleasure? Yet it is to great things that I call you, Onda Yuki. Things of service, of the spirit, heroism perhaps, perhaps self-sacrifice,—for the flesh is stubborn. This shall be your proof of loyalty to your Emperor and to this land!"

"I would gladly die for them!" she cried.

"I Am Your Mother's Sister."

From Oppenheim's "The Master Mummer." (Little, Brown & Co.)

ANOTHER imperative tap upon the door. I opened it, and the Archduchess swept past me. In the darkness of our box her diamonds glittered like fire, the perfume from her draperies was stronger by far than the delicate fragrance of the roses which Isobel still held. Me she ignored altogether. She went straight up to Isobel, and, stooping down, rested her gloved hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"I sent for you just now," she said. "Did you not understand?"

Isobel raised her eyebrows. The Archduchess was angry, and her voice betrayed her.

"I do not know any reason," Isobel answered, "why I should do your bidding."

The Archduchess was silent for a moment. I think that she was waiting until she could control her voice.

"Isobel," she said, "I will tell you a very good reason. I cannot keep silence any longer. They will not give you up to me any other way, so I have come to claim you openly. You shall know the truth. I am your mother's sister!"

Isobel rose slowly to her feet. She was as tall as the Archduchess, and the likeness which had always haunted me was unmistakable. Only Isobel was of the finer mould, and her eyes were different.

"Why did you not tell me this before—at the Mordaunt Rooms, for instance?" she asked.

"You came upon me like a thunderclap," the Archduchess answered quickly. "For years we had lost all trace of you. Besides, there were reasons—you know that there were reasons why I might surely have been forgiven for hesitating. But let that go. We had better have your story blazoned out once more to the world than that you should live your life in this hole-and-corner fashion. I shall take you back to Waldenburg. I presume, sir!" she added, turning suddenly towards me, "that even you will not question my right to assume the guardianship of my own niece?"

The memory of Feugères' look came to my aid, or I scarcely know how I should have answered her.

"Your Highness," I said, "it is for Isobel to decide."

Meeting the Author of Trilby.

From Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library."
(Putnam.)

STEPPING up to Miss Tadema, the eldest daughter of the house, and looking about me at the vast array of celebrities there gathered, I said:

"Now tell me who some of these people are. I know that they are all somebodies, and I recognize a great many faces, familiar either from my personal association with them or from the photographs I have seen in the literary or artistic journals or in shop windows. Whistler I know, of course, and Sir Frederick Leighton, and Charles Dickens (the younger), and Joseph Hatton, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Dobson, and Lang; but there is one man talking to your father now whose face I know perfectly well, but whom I cannot place."

Whereupon an extremely pretty young woman, to whom I had not been introduced, sought to enlighten me by saying:

"Why, that's my father." And I replied:

"Now, mademoiselle, you have added very much to my curiosity, because I've been trying to place you."

"Oh, Mr. Hutton," she said, "you have seen me in *Punch*. I'm Miss du Maurier. And if you don't know papa, who has just been made a Kinsman and is more proud of the fact than of his membership in the Royal Academy, let me tell him who you are."

And that was the beginning of my very pleasant but short acquaintance with George du Maurier. The pleasant sentiment of fraternity existing among all the members of that unique little association, The Kinsmen, gave us a feeling of belonging to each other which our personal knowledge of each other would hardly have warranted. We dined together in London at one or two of the Kinsmen festivals, and we met in other places in a "how-de-do" passing way. And that was all. I am sure he was a good fellow. But he had no opportunity to make any positive impressions upon me in a purely personal way. Two of his letters inserted into my bound copies of *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* I prize very highly. In the first he says:

"I am delighted that you should like the opening of *P. I.* I took much pains with it, as it is in contrast with the sordid English life that is to follow. Then he will get back to France again, and the old life, but in a new and unsuspected way.

"Barring that I have beautified the principal people and elongated them by a foot or so, the first part is almost autobiographical, and the old Major, whose real name was De Quesne, is a portrait." (This is dated June 2.

On the 18th of January, 1893, he wrote:

"I am delighted that you like the beginning of *Trilby*. It makes me hope that you will like it all through, as it was all written of a

piece with a galloping pen after having carefully made it all out in my head.

"Taffy is made out of two or three people. Van Trump is only there for the strength. 'Little Billee' is what I imagine Fred Walker might have been in similar circumstances, and the villain is founded on a certain Louis Brassin whom I knew in Antwerp and Düsseldorf, a great pianist, but monstrously increased and bedevilled. I am glad you like the girl. The drawings cost me much pains and I haven't finished them yet—one hundred and twenty in all."

Eugenie Crowned by Napoleon.

From Orcutt's "Flower of Destiny." (McClurg.)

"WHAT are you going to do?" asked the girl anxiously.

"This time I shall neither confide in you nor ask your advice," replied the Emperor kindly but firmly.

"They approached the rendezvous, and those who had remained in the carriages joined with the huntsmen and the ladies, who had fallen out of the chase, in greeting their monarch. The Emperor paid little attention to them, but mechanically raised his hand to his hat. He rode gravely to a tree on the farther side of the group, where he assisted Eugenie to dismount.

"Mademoiselle," he said in a clear voice, "you have won the honours of the hunt. Since I may not have the brush, will you not reward me with the violets you have worn?"

Wonderingly, Eugenie disengaged the blossoms from her habit, and handed them to the Emperor. Quickly tearing them apart, he fashioned them into the semblance of a floral crown.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Court," he said, turning to his guests, "I have the honour to announce to you and to France that Mademoiselle de Montijo will share with me the Imperial throne."

"Thunderstruck by the announcement, the Court gathered around Eugenie and made their obeisance. Then the Emperor turned to the girl beside him, but paused for a moment to regard with undisguised admiration the picture she presented. Eugenie, overpowered by the suddenness of the announcement, and the impossibility of retreat, stood erect, accepting the realization of her fondest dream with a bearing at once womanly and regal. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes, full of gratitude and devotion, were fixed upon the man before her. She was oblivious to the obsequious courtesies of those around her; she was unconscious of the power which had so suddenly come to her; she forgot France. She was looking into the eyes of the man she loved, and her heart no longer struggled to restrain itself within the bounds which she herself had imposed.

"The Emperor took a step nearer, and with a quick movement placed the crown of violets upon her head. His action, more than his words, brought the girl to a full appreciation of the new world which had opened before her.

"Accept these flowers of destiny, my Em-

press—wear this crown, which I place upon your head, until France shall present you with another!"

The Richest Man in the World.

From Lefèvre's "The Golden Flood." (McClure, Phillips.)

"WILLIAM," said the president of the Metropolitan National Bank, "we are confronted by the greatest crisis in the history of the world!"

Consternation appeared on the face of the richest man in the world, as though it had been flashed upon it by a stereopticon. It was not pleasant to see.

"What has happened, Richard?" he asked tremulously, rising from his chair.

"William," answered Mr. Dawson, "listen calmly. Ruin stares us in the face—you, and me, and everybody!"

"What have you done?" cried the richest man in the world.

"Listen. Calm yourself."

"Are you—ill?"

"Oh, I'm not crazy! If I were, I'd tell you that a man is manufacturing gold at this very minute. And yet, that is what I think."

"What is the matter, Richard?"

"There is a man who has discovered an inexhaustible supply of gold. He will not stop until he has a billion dollars. He is a Socialist—"

"What are you saying?"

"William, the man already has on deposit at the bank thirty-five millions, and he's been only two months at it. He has at least seven millions on deposit at other banks in this city. We must do something," and Mr. Richardson Dawson told his friend and associate the entire story of Mr. George K. Grinnell. The richest man in the world listened with his very soul. There was danger of his being no longer the richest man in the world.

"And now," finished Dawson, "we must think, William. What are we to do?"

"It can't be true!" frowned Mellen. "Absurd! It can't be true."

"It is true. The gold comes from his house, his laboratory."

"It's some trick, a plot." The richest man in the world had imagination, and was partial to schemes. "We must prevent him from going too far."

"How?" The president was growing calm.

"Some legal action—"

"Out of the question. There is no ground. Besides, the less publicity the better, William, we are in his power. But nobody knows it, not even he. Therein lies our safety. In the meanwhile we must—" He paused.

"What?"

"It is, obviously, the only step we can take." There was no one else in the room, but Mr. Dawson drew near and whispered into his friend's ear. His friend nodded from time to time.

"That," said Mellen quietly, with a sort of convictionless acquiescence, as Dawson concluded, "we must not do until we are certain that he can swamp the world with gold!"

"Confound him!" said the president angrily. "Yes, Richard," agreed Mellen, with an air that had a suggestion of conscious guilt. He never swore. It was a sin. He was the richest man in the world.

The Priest Turns Knight-Errant.

From Mary Austin's "Isidro." (Houghton, M. & Co.)

"SEÑOR, what will you do with me?"

"I will take you to San Antonio."

"And then?"

"Tell me the truth—are you an Indian?"

"Señor, I do not know; Peter Lebecque has told me that I am not, but the woman I called mother, she was an Indian."

"What was Mascado to you?"

"Peter Lebecque's friend. At least he came often to our place at the Grapevine. Lebecque hunted and trapped with him, but I cannot think that he liked him. It was after Mascado had been with us that the old man would tell me to remember that I was no Indian."

"Why was that?"

"Señor, I did not know at that time. I think now it was because Mascado wished to have me."

"He knew, then, that you were a maid?"

"He has known it for two years; he says that Lebecque told him, but it must have been when they were at wine, for Lebecque was very angry."

"Why is it that you dress in this fashion?"

"Señor, I have known no other. It was my mother's wish, her that I called mother. I think she fancied I was safer so; it was a rough life."

"And you know nothing of your real parents?"

"Nothing. At the time I left the Grapevine Peter Lebecque gave me a packet which he hinted would have placed me rightly."

"What became of it?"

"I left it with the Padres at Carmelo."

"And nothing came of it?"

"Nothing, señor." There was no untruth nor evasion here, but if she had told him how long she kept the packet by her, and how disposed of it, she must needs have told him why, and for that she had no words.

Hearing Arnaldo call they rode forward briskly. After that the talk was more at ease, all of the wood and the road and the wild things that crossed their trail.

"It is strange," said Isidro, "that we meet no Indians; I had thought the hills were full of them."

Said Arnaldo, "Report has it that they gather to Urbano in the Tulares."

"Think you he means raiding?"

"Against the Mission beeves—no worse," said the tracker.

Jacinta said little of any sort, but that to the point.

"Señor," she said again when they came to an open grassy valley riding side by side, "when you have me at San Antonio what will you do with me?"

"Marry you," said Isidro with the greatest cheerfulness.

Rules for Bank Depositors.*From Wurdz's "Foolish Finance." (Luce.)*

1. ALWAYS rush in with your deposit just as the bank hours are over and the Teller is getting ready to go out to lunch. This will impress him with the idea that you are a busy man, and he will await your daily call with anxiety and imprecations.

2. Whenever you make a mixed deposit of checks, bills, and silver, never try to arrange it systematically so that it can be counted readily. Hand it in by the fistful and ask the Teller to make out the deposit slip. Remember that he is paid to be genial and accommodating to the patrons.

3. Never take in your pass-book to be balanced, as requested, the last of the month. The bookkeepers have hundreds of others to do, and they will appreciate your thoughtfulness in thus lightening their monthly task. Keep it until the first day of the ensuing month, when they are over-rushed with other work, and insist on having it balanced while you wait.

4. When getting a check cashed, never mention to the Teller what denomination of bills you want. Wait quietly for whatever he hands you, then push it all back with the request for something different. This will give him excellent practice in counting.

5. If you are a stranger at the bank and the Teller should request your identification before giving you any money, assume a fiercely aggressive air, demand in loud, clarion tones what he means by insulting you, and

inquire angrily if he takes you for a swindler. Under such circumstances, Tellers have sometimes been known to pay small checks and take their chances, rather than engage in further controversy.

6. Should you chance to deposit a small draft on San Francisco, or other distinct city, for collection, run in the next day and every following day to ask if they have had returns from it. By so doing you will establish a reputation for keeping a sharp eye on your business, and the bank clerks will have a chance to get well acquainted with you.

7. In making a deposit of bills, fill out your slip for the amount, say \$500, and hand it in with \$490 cash. Any Teller is liable to make a miscount on a busy day. In this case, you are a Ten-spot to the good. But should he discover the shortage, ask to recount it yourself. It is then easy enough to slip in the missing bill, say you find it correct, and hand it back with an air of injured innocence.

8. If a check is made payable to your order, never indorse it before handing it to the Teller, but let him return it to you and wait patiently while you put your name on the back, and holler for a blotter. This gives the Teller a moment of much-needed rest, as he gazes at your Fist, slowly looping the loop.

A strict observance of the foregoing rules will make your accounts desirable for any bank, and will render you a general favorite wherever you do business.



From "Foolish Finance."

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MATRIMONIAL BONDS.



From "Partners of the Tide."

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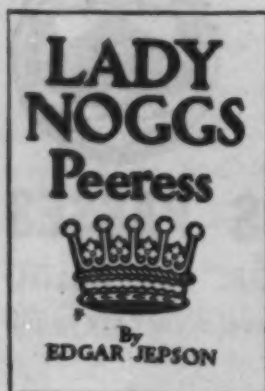


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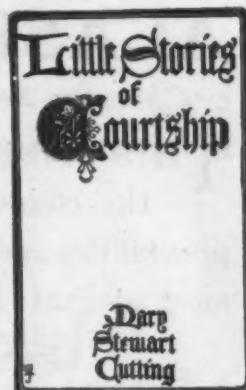
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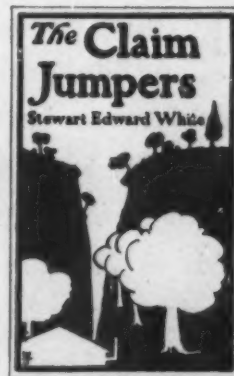
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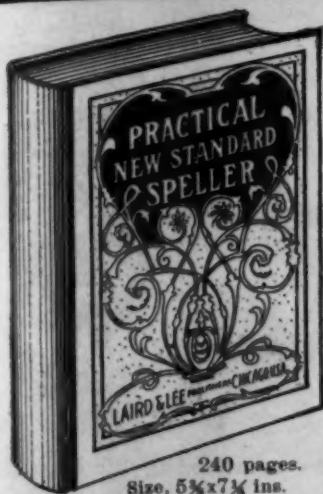
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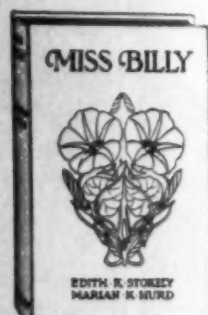


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